The Outlook

APRIL 5, 1922

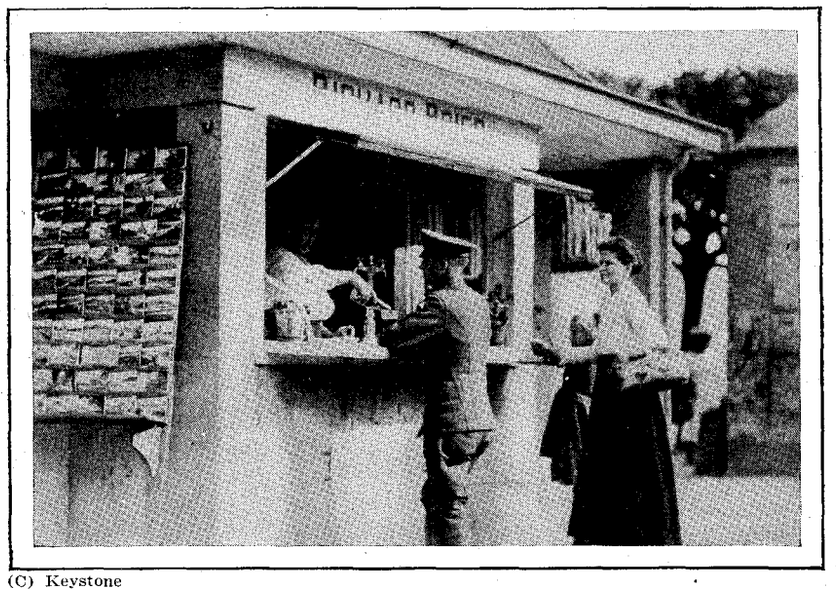
WHO COMMANDS THE ARMY?

WE are glad to know that Congress is not trying to become Commander-in-Chief of the military forces of the United States. In some of our neighboring republics there are, it is said, more generals than privates. We understand that this arrangement does not work very well in case of serious warfare. We do not pretend to be military experts, but we suspect that there would be no great success for a military organization with over six hundred commanders-in-chief. The Army Bill, as it was before the House Appropriations Committee did some blue-penciling, provided that appropriations should not be spent on troops on the Rhine, and only limited appropriations on those in China, Hawaii, and the Canal Zone. We can imagine Congress taking command of a campaign in this fashion: All troops which advance on the left wing will be deprived of appropriations for maintenance; and all troops which retire over the river in the center will be given a bonus of a dollar a yard. Happily, the Constitution, which makes the President of the United States Commander-in-Chief, stands in the way of experiments along this line.

DEBTS, REPARATIONS, AND TROOPS

AGAIN Germany is outraged by the demand of the Allies that she make some real effort to pay for the damage she has wantonly done. That means that Germany is expected to tax her people in order to pay her debts. This is something that the German Government does not want to do. In order to make the German Government want to do it, the Inter-allied Reparations Commission has decided to grant Germany provisionally a moratorium for the payments due this year. The failure to levy the taxes would mean the withdrawal of the moratorium and the application of sanctions. To see that the taxes are imposed and collected, an Allied commission, it is proposed, will have general supervision of Germany's fiscal affairs. This proposal would put a virtually bankrupt nation into the hands of a receiver.

In the meantime America, who has little direct financial interest in securing reparations from Germany, and is concerned in the matter mainly as a measure of justice and future protection, has announced that her troops now on the Rhine will be withdrawn by July 1.



(C) Keystone

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER IN COBLENZ WHO NOW PATRONIZES A TRANSPLANTED AMERICAN INSTITUTION—THE SODA WATER FOUNTAIN—WILL SOON SEE THE HOME ARTICLE

There has been some, but not any great, protest at this decision. In fact, it has seemed for some time that our troops had outstayed their welcome. This became evident when the Allies openly showed their unreadiness to have the American troops paid out of money collected from Germany for the purpose of supporting the armies of occupation. Inasmuch as the presence of our troops on the Rhine was solely for the convenience and the support of our Allies in the war, if they now find it inconvenient, it has become superfluous. As our troops go out their places will be taken by French troops. The doughboys on guard there have found their experience enjoyable and educative. They have served as a symbol of Allied unity; but if that symbol is no longer highly valued by our European friends it is just as well to have it removed. The symbol may be gone; but we hope the unity will remain.

PLACATING TURKEY

THE ordinary American, who reads in newspaper despatches from Paris that there is grave doubt whether the Turks will accept the conciliatory proposals suggested by Great Britain, France, and Italy to the Turkish Nationalists, will start with surprise. Germany's ally, Armenia's devastator, the Sick Man of Europe, is not entitled to sympathy. Nor is it sympathy or friendship that proposes to revise the Treaty of Sèvres in Turkey's favor. It is partly the need of placating Mohammedans in India and elsewhere who care little for Turks as Turks, but who cling to the idea of the caliphate as a combination of spiritual and temporal authority in the Sultan of Turkey as nominal head of Islam. It is partly also because the Allies have difficulty in uniting in a common policy for the Near East. Greece has failed to deal with Turkey in a military way as regards western Asia Minor; France has decided to withdraw from Cilicia; the question of protecting the Armenians is difficult and momentous. Accordingly, a placatory policy has been adopted toward Turkey —whom nobody trusts—and the diplomats are worrying as to whether the concessions are big enough!

One despatch from Paris, for instance, says: "Should the Turkish Nationalist leaders find the proposed modifications of the Sèvres Treaty do not go far enough, it is pointed out that nothing has been done in Paris which would stand in the way of continuing the negotiations."

It is not proposed to give Adrianople back to Turkey (and this is why it is feared that Turkey will refuse), but to oust Greece from Asia Minor, including Smyrna; to give the Turks civic control of Constantinople, but to keep the straits open under naval control of the Allies with a merely nominal possession of Gallipoli by the Greeks; to give up to Turkey the larger part of Thrace; to leave Armenia a Turkish province; to establish Turkey's independence as to financial control. There is plenty of rea-

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son why Greece should be sad, but Turkey gets a new hold on a life she has deserved to lose. An editorial writer in the New York "Tribune" comments: "The near extinction of Turkey was justifiable on moral grounds. But it was unworkable politically. The successor of the Caliph comes back not through any merit of his own but through the unflinching devotion to his cause of millions of French and British subjects."

The League of Nations has a difficult task laid on its shoulders by this proposal. It is to see that Armenians are not slaughtered by Turks, and to make of Armenia, not a nation nor even a state placed under a mandatory, but something called beautifully but vaguely "an Armenian national home."

Americans are fortunately not a party to the settlement of the Near East complications. They do, however, feel strongly that the civilized world must prevent a recurrence of the horrors committed over and over again against Armenia by "the unspeakable Turk." If we cannot aid by diplomacy in preventing wholesale massacre, we may at least help by plainly expressed protests against shilly-shallying and debating in a case where action is demanded by every appeal of common humanity.

LAWLESSNESS IN IRELAND

AGAIN the British Premier has initiated an attempt to restore law and order in Ireland through a conference in London. He lately summoned to meet him for that purpose Michael Collins, the head of the Provisional Government of the semi-existent Free State of Ireland; Sir James Craig, the Ulster Premier; and Arthur Griffith, head of the still active Dail Eireann, or Parliament of the shadowy Irish Republic. Theoretically at least, the Dail Eireann should work in unison with Michael Collins, as it has by a majority vote pronounced in favor of the London agreement for the Irish Free State; and, in fact, Griffith and Collins are in thorough sympathy, but De Valera's adherents still agitate for a Republic.

A large part of the present restlessness in Southern Ireland is due to the fact that British rule has practically ceased, while the Irish Free State is not yet fully in control. This condition will continue until the voters of Southern Ireland have selected representatives for a Constitutional Convention and Parliament, and this will not take place until the end of May. Thereafter, if the delegates elected are of the party of Griffith and Collins, it is to be hoped that the continued agitation for an Irish Republic will stop.

The other cause of trouble is the ingrown and hateful hostility between Protestant and Catholic factions in Ulster and on the border. Winston Churchill declared in the House of Commons the other day that the situation in Belfast was worse than anywhere in Ireland, and that it might be necessary to establish martial law. Fifty-six persons were killed in Belfast riots in four weeks in March.

What with raids by Sinn Feiners over the Ulster border and the almost wholesale murders and other crimes, some perpetrated by armed motor gangs, which have terrorized Catholic districts, it would certainly seem at this distance that the way to restore order would be to put British troops (not Irish constabulary) on the border and to enforce martial law in Belfast. Collins declares that Sir James Craig is maintaining an inimical attitude both toward the Provisional Government in the south and the helpless minority in Belfast.

The gravity of the situation is recognized on all sides, but this time the danger is not political, but criminal. It will need a strong hand and firm action to keep the outbreaks of long-continued factional hatred from developing into something very much like civil war.

Wide World Photos

OTTO WIEDFELDT, THE NEW GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

THE NEW AMBASSADOR

OTTO LUDVIG WIEDFELDT has been appointed German Ambassador to the United States. The Ambassadorship has been vacant since February, 1917, when Count Bernstorff left Washington. Since the resumption of normal relations between Germany and America the question of naming the new Ambassador has been a peculiarly interesting problem.

The German Government has solved it, not by sending a well-trained diplomat, such as Count Bernstorff was, but an entirely new man with different ideals and experiences from those in the diplomatic service. The Government has turned to commerce, not to diplomacy, for representation.

Dr. Wiedfeldt is practically without diplomatic experience. He has been for some time connected in various official capacities with the Krupp Works at Essen, and has also had years of commercial service in the Orient.

This is not Dr. Wiedfeldt's first visit to America; he was here for several months before the war.

It is believed that the new Ambassador has those personal, official, and, above all, commercial qualities desirable for the kind of foreign representation needed by Germany at this time.

A COLONNADE IN THE HOMERIC'S LOUNGE
(The room is 43 x 97 feet)

THE UNHOMERIC HOMERIC

TWENTY-EIGHT hundred years ago, on a Grecian isle, Homer sang of "red-cheeked ships" and of the ten years' wandering of Ulysses. He describes in detail the building of the wonderful craft which bore his hero away from the isle of Calypso.

Could the bard have gazed into some crystal and beheld his modern namesake, with what amazement would he have been filled!

Early in March the new Homeric, pride of the White Star Line, docked in New York on her maiden voyage. With flags fluttering from every mast she moved gracefully into her pier, a huge floating city with a length from bow to stern of three New York City blocks.

She can accommodate over 2,500 passengers and a crew of 750—a fair-sized community in itself.

At the forward end of the deck, under the navigating bridge, is a drawing-room, with large plate-glass observation windows. In turn come the reading and

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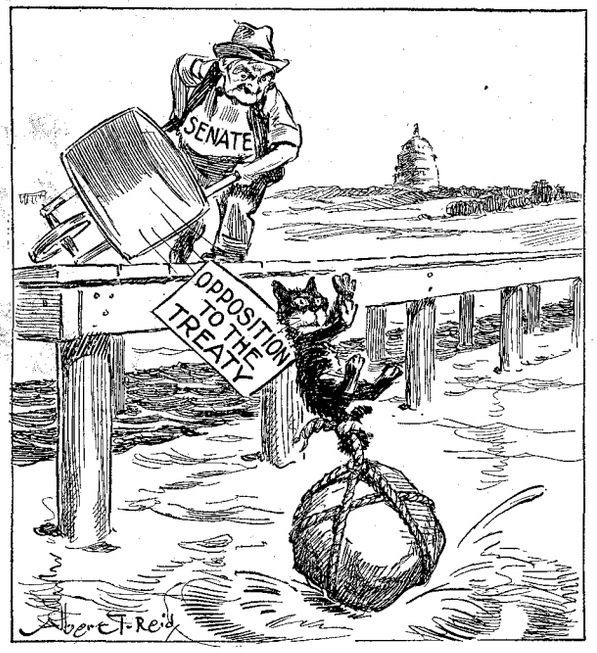
YOU MAR OUR LABOR . . . YOU DO ASSIST THE STORM

(Tempest, Act I, Scene 1)

Nelson Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

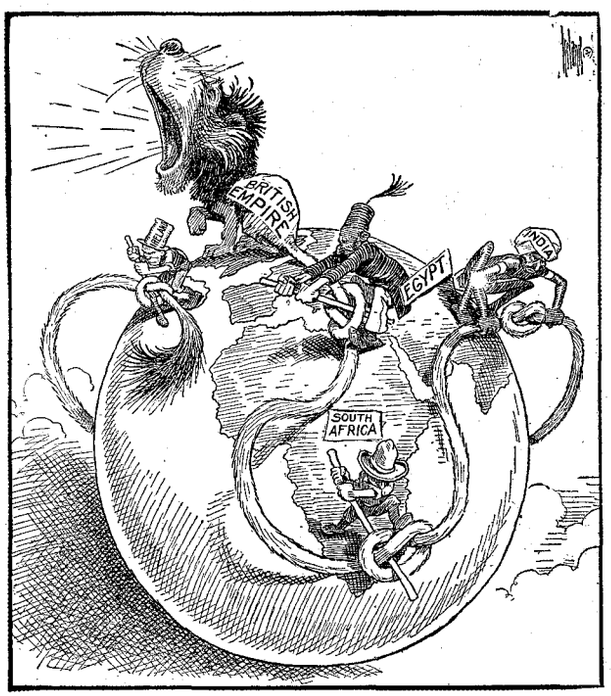
THAT HAUNTED HOUSE

Reid in the New York Evening Mail



GETTING RID OF THE JINX

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



WHAT COMES OF HAVING SUCH A LONG TAIL

From Grace R. Johnson, Columbus, O.

Morris in the Lancaster (Pa.) News Journal

"YOU DIRTY BOY!"

From Mrs. C. H. Breckbill, Lampeter, Pa.

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writing room, the lounge, the music room, and the smoking room, with a glass inclosed sun veranda completing the group. The view down the full length of the rooms presents an unbroken vista of 340 feet.

The Homeric is equipped with a complete telephone system for communication between staterooms, a gymnasium, electric-ray bath, hair-dressing parlors; dark room for photographs; shops; children's playroom, open fireplaces; and a daily newspaper at the breakfast table every morning.

THE ROMANCE OF THE FEED-BACK

One of the best reasons for encouraging the present extraordinary interest in everything connected with the science of radio is the general belief that any day some experimenter, and very likely some amateur investigator at that, may come across something of importance and utility in the field of wireless telegraphy and telephony. This is exactly what did happen as regards what Professor Pupin has called perhaps the most important invention in the wireless art, namely, the famous feed-back, which "enables a local battery to contribute its energy to the amplification of a signal received in a wireless station."

According to a decision just rendered by a United States District Court of Appeals, the feed-back was invented by Edwin H. Armstrong, who was at the time of invention a pupil of Professor Pupin at Columbia University, and was only twenty-one years old when he perfected the apparatus that now under the name of the Armstrong Feed-Back makes broadcasting possible.

The story is really romantic. Armstrong tried to get his father and uncle to advance money for a patent application, but they did not realize the importance of the invention. Fortunately the uncle advised the young man to make a drawing of the circuit and connections and to have it dated and witnessed by a notary public. The date was January 31, 1913. The plan printed herewith and the portrait of Armstrong as a major in the United States Signal Corps are reproduced through the courtesy of the New York "Tribune," which has as conductor of its Radio Department Jack Binns, the hero of the Republic disaster.

The story as told in this article in the "Tribune" is a strange chapter in the history of invention. The credit and control of the feed-back have been in dispute between Armstrong and Dr. Lee De Forest, an able expert and inventor. The judge who rendered the decision in favor of Armstrong took occasion to recognize the fact that, while a very young man, Armstrong had shown himself modest, a remarkably clear thinker,

E. H. ARMSTRONG

and an inventor whose achievement "was not the result of an accident, but the consummation of a thoughtful and imaginative mind." The judge founded his decision largely on the evidence furnished by Armstrong's certified plan, and summed up the relative position of the two claimants in these words: "On the one side is an enthusiastic, never-say-die young student—'Feed-Back Armstrong'—with but one thought possessing him. He not only discloses to many persons his belief that he has invented something worth while, but he produces his apparatus and he produces a sketch which is extraordinary for its clear and unmistakable description to one skilled in the art, and the date of that sketch is incontrovertibly fixed. On the other side is a then experienced and able worker in the art experimenting along certain lines, who is unable to rely on notebook entries which are not clear but require construing, and who supplements those entries by recollection, which is fallible and not certain."

The decision was remarkable, not only for its scientific clearness and recognition of the importance of radio, but for its evident sympathy with the inventive aspiration of young Americans and for its desire to encourage that aspiration.

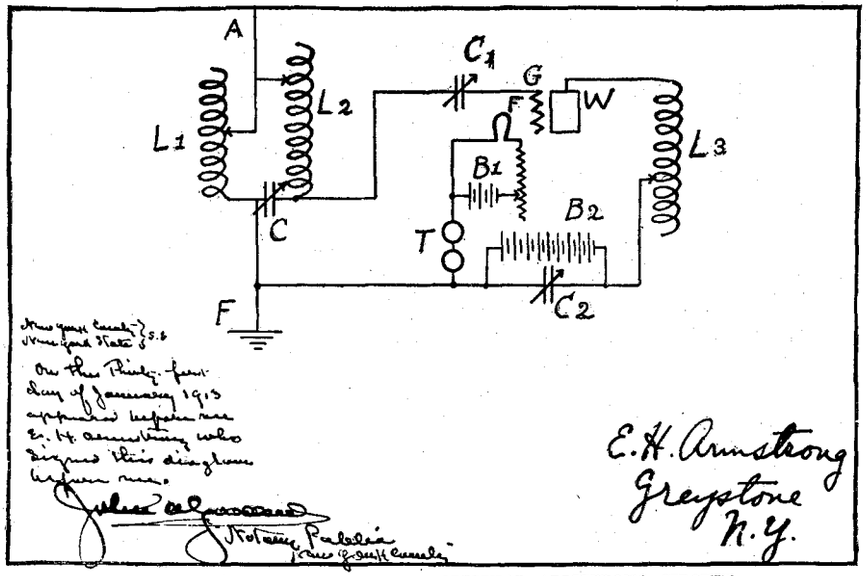
"THEY DO SUCH THINGS ON THE BOWERY"

There are three streets in New York City that are internationally famous—Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and the Bowery. Of these the Bowery has had probably the most variegated and certainly the least reputable career. Originally, when New York was New Amsterdam, it was a street of farms and gardens. The Dutch word *bouwerie* means farm.

But with the rapid growth of the city the Bowery soon lost its rural character. It became a center of cheap lodging-houses, dance-halls, small but loud variety theaters, saloons kept by ex-prizefighters or ex-criminals where rot-gut whisky and resinous beer flowed freely, dime museums which catered to prurient curiosity, and pathetic-looking pawn-shops. As long ago as the days of Dickens and Thackeray the term "Bowery boy" meant a tough character of a special type. For many years there was current in New York a popular song which sailors and other rovers carried all over the world and which celebrated the attractions and the dangers of the Bowery. Its chorus, with a peculiarly ingratiating lilt, ran something like this:

The Bow'ry, the Bow'ry!
They do such things and they say such things
On the Bow'ry, the Bow'ry,
I'll never go there any more!

The building of the elevated railway—a death-dealer to the gayety of any



THE CERTIFIED PLAN OF THE ORIGINAL ARMSTRONG CIRCUIT

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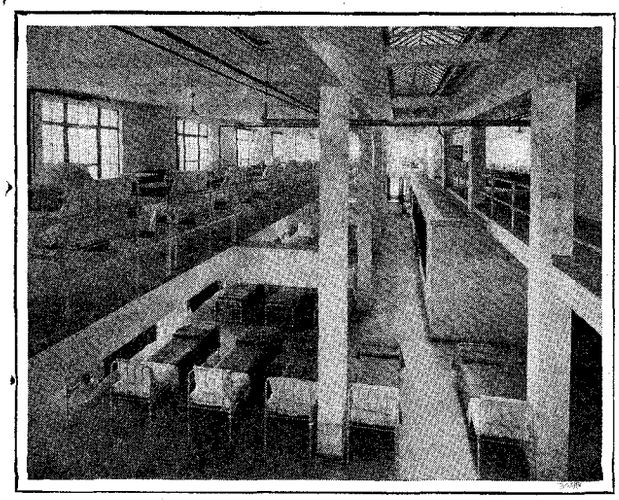

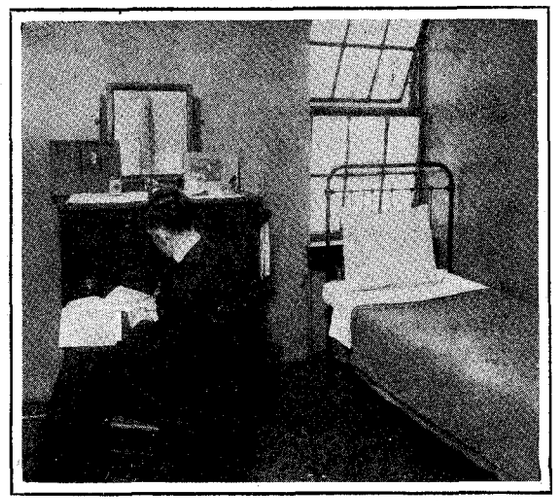

LEFT—DORMITORY IN THE BOWERY Y. M. C. A., WHERE MEN ARE ACCOMMODATED AT RATES RANGING FROM TWENTY TO FIFTY-FIVE CENTS A NIGHT ON CREDIT

RIGHT—A PRIVATE ROOM AT THE BOWERY Y. M. C. A.

street through which it passes—and the gradual moving of the night life of the city uptown took away the glamour of the Bowery. It became shabby and run down at the heels. The closing of the saloons by prohibition was the final blow. Its lights and music and painted women have gone, but its cheap and dirty lodging-houses, its cheap and ill-served eating-places, its cheap-John and second-hand clothing shops, remain. So it is to-day the habitat of the unemployed, the nearly down-and-out, the hundreds of disappointed men who have come to New York from all parts of the country expecting to find plenty of work and "easy money" and who before they know it are on the streets, strangers and homeless, with scarcely a nickel in their pockets.

There is, however, on the Bowery one place where these almost hopeless men may find good food, good beds, modern baths, bright lights, music, reading, conversation, and the hope that comes from friendliness—the Bowery Branch of the Y. M. C. A.

The managers of this remarkable institution recently gave a dinner in the spacious and completely appointed new building of the Branch to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment. We call it a remarkable institution because of one single item of the statistics which were made public at this dinner. During the calendar year of 1921 about six thousand men were guests of this Ritz-Carlton of lodging-houses; the cost of operation was $286,326, and the men themselves, although many of them were out of work and penniless when they entered, paid 96 per cent of this cost. It took less than $10,000 of outside help to operate a modern hotel with a dormitory of 196 beds and 150 individual bedrooms; a cafeteria; a restaurant; a laundry; a fumigating plant; a sanitary barber-shop; a tailor-shop; an auditorium for meetings and entertainments; a doctor's office; and an employment agency. If this isn't a record of practical success in Good-Samaritanism we are very much mistaken. Ex-Governor "Al" Smith, who knows the Bowery thoroughly and who was the chief guest of honor and principal speaker at the dinner, thought so and said so.

"DE BILTMORE AIN'T GOT NUT'N ON DIS!"

How is it done? Suppose you arrive at the Bowery Branch about supper time, having come into the city dirty and penniless on the bumpers of a freight train. If you are not drunk, or violent, or a manifest panhandler or swindler—and there are residents on the staff who understand these things pretty well, having been through the mill themselves—you are given your simple but substantial meal; you then strip and take a hot and cold shower and, if necessary, you have a shave and a hair-cut; a doctor examines you to see if you have any infectious or contagious disease; if so, arrangements are made to have you receive adequate hospital treatment; if not, you are given a clean nightshirt and an immaculate bed in a beautifully planned dormitory. While you sleep your underclothing and linen (if you are lucky enough to have any linen) are washed and ironed in a modern steam laundry and your outer clothing is fumigated in a scientific "delousing" plant and then taken to the tailor-shop, where lost buttons are renewed and the clothing is pressed, such a detail as the crease in the trousers not being forgotten. When you wake up in the morning, your clothing is by your bedside in apple-pie order. You have the self-respect which comes from being well groomed and the comfort which is always the result of the personal attention of a good valet. It was this pleasing feature which recently led a young guest after his first night at the Branch to exclaim: "Gee! De Biltmore ain't got nut'n on dis!"

After breakfast it is explained to you that this is not charity, but that it is charged to your account and when you get your job you are expected to pay your account, as you would at any other hotel. Ninety-six per cent of all the bills thus charged are paid ultimately by the men who receive credit. If any New York hotel-keeper should happen to read these lines, he will, we are sure, be filled with envy at the low percentage of bad debts which the books of the Bowery Branch show.

When you get steady work, perhaps with the aid of the Employment Agency of the Branch, you are urged to move from the dormitory into a private room and from the cafeteria into the restaurant. When you are thoroughly on your feet, you move, with the advice and help of the resident staff, outside of the building in order to make room for those who are in the quandary you were in when you wandered into the Branch a few weeks or a few months before.

At the semi-centennial dinner, which prompted this brief and, we are afraid, inadequate account of a clear and cheerful light in a dark and dismal swamp of human failure, no appeal of any kind was made for money. But we dare say that Mr. Cleveland A. Dunn, Chairman of the Committee of Management, Bowery Branch of the Y. M. C. A., 8 East Third Street, New York City, could tell anybody disposed to inquire how the work might be extended with an increase of capital outlay.

BUOY THE STREETS

When a ship enters a strange port, the captain does not clap a telescope to his eye and begin to search the shore for neatly printed signs reading:

"Keep to the right."

"Obstruction here."

"Shallow water beyond."

He learns his course through the channels by a much simpler alphabet than the one employed in printed books. He

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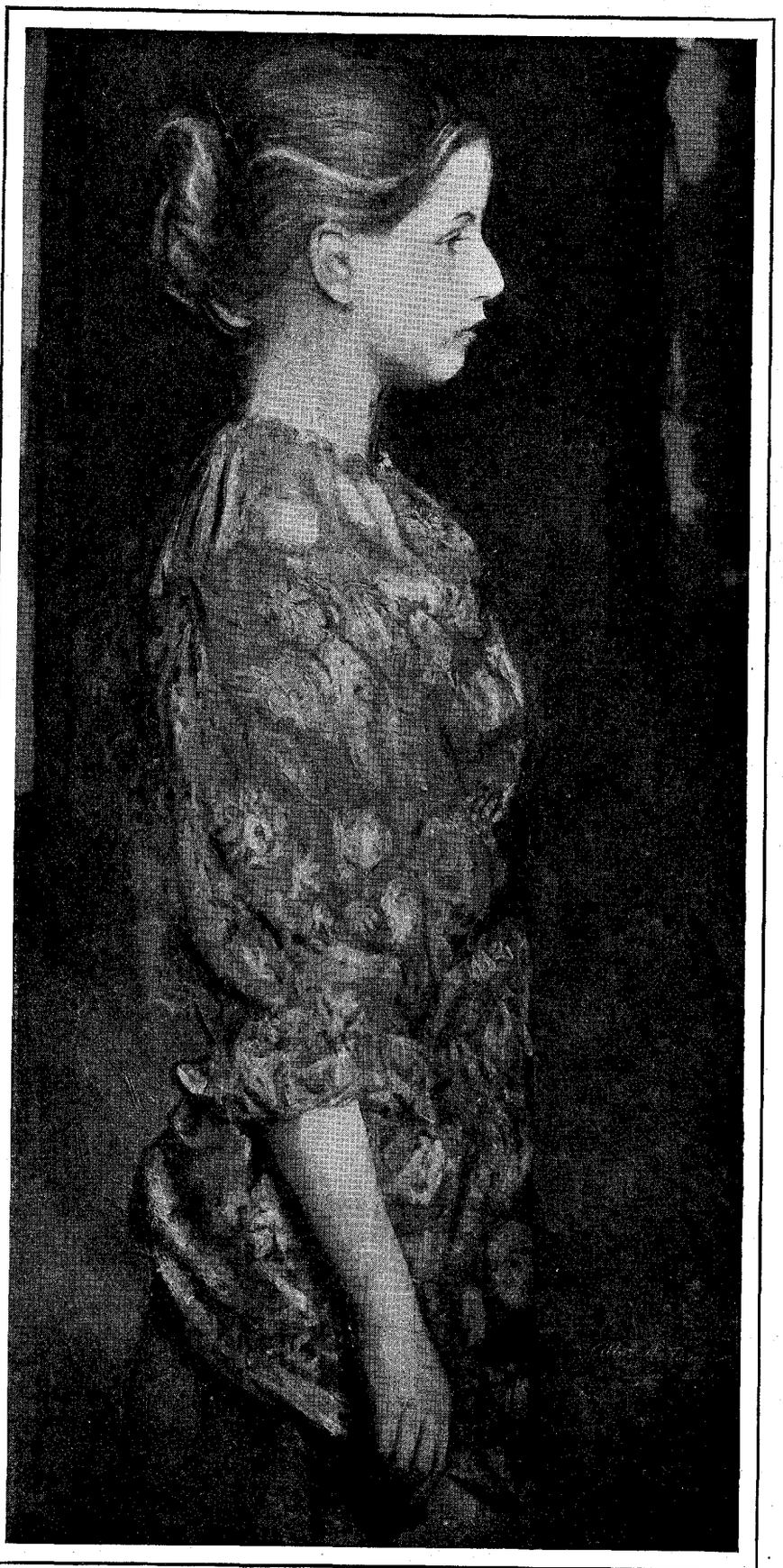

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

PORTRAIT OF
A LITTLE GIRL

From the exhibition of paintings by Abbott Thayer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Lent by the *Worcester* Art Museum

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knows that when he sees a red buoy when he is entering a harbor he must leave it to starboard, when he sees a black buoy he must leave it to port, just as plainly as though it bore a placard printed with letters six feet high.

When the automobilist enters a strange city, he has no such simple system for guidance. He must depend upon enamel signs which cannot be read more than fifty feet to tell him that a street is a one-way street which he may not enter in the wrong direction under penalty of summons by a vigilant traffic policeman or to inform him of other local rules in regard to parking, in regard to turning at congested corners, and of speed limits for passing special localities.

Most of these directions could easily be reduced, as are those for navigating harbors, to a few clear and simple symbols which could be inexpensively painted upon lamp-posts. If such a system were adopted and made universal throughout even one State, the problem of traffic regulation therein might be greatly simplified. We recommend these suggestions to the consideration of organizations of automobilists and police officers. Why go to the expense of neatly enameled signs when pots of paint judiciously applied will do the work quicker and better?

A SCULPTURESQUE PAINTER

THE Metropolitan Museum in New York City has just placed on view some seventy of Abbott Thayer's pictures. They constitute a large proportion of all those painted by the artist, whose recent death meant a distinct loss to the progress of American art.

They have been loaned alike by public institutions and by private owners. For instance, from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts comes the "Caritas," often considered Thayer's masterpiece; from the Worcester Museum comes the "The Portrait of a Little Girl;" other interesting portraits have been loaned by Mrs. Milton and Mrs. Whiting; Mr. Gellatly loans the "Stevenson Memorial" and the "Virgin Enthroned;" Mr. Fenn and Miss Sand loan animal pictures; the estate of the artist loans "Monadnock," "Winter Sunrise," "The Boy and the Angel," and "The Angel of Dawn." In short, paintings of this artist have been loaned by practically all owners except the United States Government, whose great group, included in the Freer Collection, is not available.

The exhibition is also of chronological interest, for it proved an opportunity to study Thayer's work from his early portraits to his later figure pieces. Throughout all one perceives the life of the spirit.

In manner the pictures reveal the force, vitality, and apparently unerring touch of one who knew how to lay on his colors with the knife as well as with the brush. Yet his was economy of color. His strong relief, his distinctly defined contours, need no color extravagance.

Simplicity, dignity, unity, character—these are the immediately appealing qualities as you gaze on the artist's self-expression, whether he has painted a portrait of some man, woman, or child, or whether he has freer rein in landscape, animal, and figure work.

Every one of these canvases, compared with those of many other painters, seems almost austerely monumental and sculpturesque.

College Sports and the Undergraduate

A Prize Contest

IT doesn't matter so much what college faculties think about athletics. It is what the undergraduate thinks that is really vital.

The Outlook wants to know, and to help others to know, the trend of this undergraduate opinion; so we are offering ten prizes for the best letters of six hundred words or less from college undergraduates on Intercollegiate Athletics.

There will be:

a first prize of Twenty-five Dollars
a second prize of Twenty Dollars
a third prize of Fifteen Dollars
seven fourth prizes of Ten Dollars

There are a lot of questions which we think our readers would like to ask the Undergraduate. Here are some of them:

What is the place of athletics in education? What constitutes the amateur spirit? Is it worth preserving? Is it endangered by proselyting? By athletic "scholarships"? By professionalism?

Is too much emphasis, or too little, placed upon sport? Upon victory? Upon championships?

Should the present system of intercollegiate athletics be modified? How? Should the undergraduate have more, or less, to say concerning coaching methods? Schedules? Eligibility rules?

What does the undergraduate think of the ethical standards and attitude of sport writers? What does he think of newspaper publicity? Huge expenditures for stadiums and transcontinental tours?

Those who try for our prizes should not try to answer all—they need not try to answer any—of these questions. They are merely offered as suggestions concerning the things in which the public is interested. We want our correspondents to present frankly and freely their views on what seems to them the most important athletic problem of the hour.

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. Only college undergraduates are eligible to compete.
2. Write your name (add a pen name, if you like, for publication) and post office address with college and class in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
3. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
4. Limit your letter to 600 words of average length.
5. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before April 15, 1922.
6. We reserve the right to purchase for publication desirable letters not winning prizes.
7. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
8. The staff of The Outlook will be judges.

Address all letters to

CONTEST EDITOR
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

FOR RESTRAINT IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS

ONE of the wholesome signs of the times is the evidence that undergraduates in many colleges not only are aware of the excesses in collegiate athletics, but are taking measures to bring college athletics within reasonable bounds. Nothing that they will do afterwards in life is likely to be a juster test of their character than is their present attitude towards amateur sport. There is the same kind of opportunity for discussion of ethical questions in athletics that there is in business, and there is the same kind of opportunity for the exercise of intelligence in determining intercollegiate relations that there is in international diplomacy. It is as a consequence of the arousing of undergraduate opinion on this subject, and also as a measure of arousing it, that the editorial representatives of the three daily papers conducted by undergraduates, respectively, at Princeton, Yale, and Harvard, met on March 18 and decided upon a common editorial policy concerning athletics. The platform on which the "Harvard Crimson," the "Yale News," and the "Daily Princetonian" agreed to stand is as follows:

1. There shall be no football practice organized under the supervision of either of the three colleges before the formal opening of college in the fall.

2. The so-called intersectional games shall be abolished. No football games shall be played by Yale, Princeton, or Harvard except at New Haven, Princeton, or Cambridge.

3. A committee of the three colleges on eligibility shall be formed to which all candidates for major sports must submit a signed statement of their amateur standing and of the sources of their financial maintenance at college. This committee shall draw up an eligibility code and pass on the standing of every man before he enters competition. The one-year eligibility rule shall continue in effect.

4. No athlete transferring from another college may compete in a major sport until he shall have passed the

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entrance examinations of Yale, Princeton, or Harvard as the case may be.

5. No coach shall sit on the side-line bench or communicate with the players on the field or on the bench during periods of play.

6. Organized scouting shall be abolished.

Perhaps this platform prepared by undergraduates of the three Eastern universities whose football traditions and rivalry are the oldest in the country may serve to suggest to those who are discussing this subject in letters to The Outlook, or otherwise, certain aspects of the subject which invite special consideration.

NOT ALLIES BUT FRIENDS

WHEN, on March 24, the Four-Power Treaty concerning the Pacific was approved by a vote of 67 to 27 in the Senate, the programme of the Armament Conference was assured of adoption by the United States. Indeed, that programme was at no time in any such peril as to justify serious doubts as to its ultimate success. As at Paris, so in Washington, the outcome was implicit in the way the problems were approached. A comparison between the Peace Conference at Paris and the Armament Conference at Washington would call for a more extended discussion than we intend here to enter upon, but in no respect would it prove to be more instructive than in the contrast it would show between the vagueness, confusion, and secrecy in the midst of which a theory was launched at Paris, and the definiteness, decision, and open diplomacy in the midst of which a practical proposal was introduced at Washington. At Paris the American representatives had the advantage of great prestige among the peoples of Europe, but they lacked the support of their people at home. At Washington the American representatives had no such prestige among the peoples of other countries, but they had the support of the American people. Those observers at Washington who were constantly seeing a parallel between the course of the American Government at the Peace Conference and the course of the American Government at the Armament Conference were simply possessed by a desire to prove their discernment by seeing what nobody else could see for the reason that it did not exist. Within forty-eight hours of the first session the success of the American Government's armament proposal was as certain as it has been at any time since then, and with the signing of the Four-Power Treaty almost exactly a month later the success of the whole programme on the Far East was made practically inevitable.

Consequently, we were not disturbed at any time by the reports of the opposition in the Senate to the Four-Power Treaty. It was politically almost inconceivable that the Senate or any party in the Senate would venture to impair, if not destroy, the work of a Conference which was overwhelmingly supported by the people of the country. When the opposition among the people could scarcely be discovered outside of those newspaper readers who take their opinions from William Randolph Hearst and those self-styled intellectuals who nourish their pacifism on the editorials of Oswald Garrison Villard, it did not seem likely that politicians would find it profitable to prevent the ratification of the treaty. If the votes in the Senate in opposition to the treaty had not been so largely eked out by Senators from States which are comparatively small in population, and which would never dream of turning out a Democratic Senator for voting against a Republican Administration, the vote against the treaty would have been inconsiderable.

Though the result was almost a foregone conclusion, nothing in politics is certain until it happens. When, therefore, the vote was recorded which empowered the President to ratify the treaty, the people of the country were entitled to a feeling of relief, which expressed itself through the press and through public speeches. Perhaps the suspense would not have been so great if it had not been for the provocative character of much of the debate in the Senate. A very general impression is recorded by the "Harvard Crimson," the undergraduate daily paper at Harvard University, in its comment upon the approval of the treaty by the Senate. "Mark Twain," says the "Crimson," "once told of a Missouri steamboat with a six-inch cylinder engine and an eight-inch cylinder whistle, so when the captain blew the whistle everything else had to stop. Our Senate is constructed on an amazingly similar plan. But when the leaders shut down on the whistle by setting the time for the vote, the Senators at last disposed of the treaty." If, as has been suggested, the opinion of the undergraduates to-day is an indication of what the leaders of public opinion will think twenty years from now, there can be found in this comment reason for hoping that the American people will hold the Senate in the future responsible for its words as well as its acts. For the present the Senate's reputation has been somewhat retrieved.

In particular, fairness requires recognition of Mr. Lodge's able leadership of the Majority and Mr. Underwood's unpartisan course in leading in support of this treaty a minority of the Minority.

By the treaty itself America agrees to respect the rights of the other parties to the treaty so far as they concern the region of the Pacific, as they agree to respect hers; to confer with them in case of any dispute among the Four; and to communicate with them in case their rights in the Pacific should be threatened by an outside Power. By a supplementary treaty, which has also been approved by the Senate, the homeland of Japan is excluded from the scope of the treaty. One of the humors of the passage of this treaty through the Senate consists in the fact that the exclusion of the Japanese homeland was something very much desired by the Japanese themselves, but it was secured only as a consequence of the violent demands of the extreme anti-Japanese in the Senate. If only Japan had hinted at her real wish in this matter, the extreme anti-Japanese would have insisted upon retaining in the treaty America's promise that she would respect Japan's rights to her own home territory! By the American delegates' declaration accompanying the treaty America makes it clear that she does not consider domestic questions (such as immigration) within the scope of the treaty; and by a reservation adopted by the Senate America makes it clear that she does not commit herself through this treaty to any alliance or to the use of force.

What is attempted by this treaty is very simple. It is to put international relations on the basis of friendship. Nations which depend for peace upon an alliance thereby announce that they do not rely upon mere good will. Behind every alliance there is a contract to employ force. Under some circumstances such an alliance is necessary. It is particularly necessary if peace is to be maintained between nations who suspect one another's motives. Often an alliance is the only means by which enemies can make peace. In fact, for one nation to make an alliance with another is virtually to recognize in that other nation a potential enemy. This Four-Power Treaty abandons altogether the theory on which alliances rest. It is an experiment in international good will and understanding. It is worth trying at some risk. America has made it impossible for herself to fight a naval war in the western Pacific unless she is willing to expend many billions of dollars and perhaps ten years of time in warfare. She abandons all chance for imposing her will upon other nations in the Far East. That is the risk she takes. She thinks it is worth while to take that risk in order to see if justice and right-

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eousness cannot be secured in the Far East, not by means of imposing the will of one nation upon another, but by means of friendship. That is why she calls Britain, France, and Japan, not allies, but friends.

UNCLE SAM'S COAL INDUSTRY

IF Uncle Sam doesn't want to mine and move his own coal—and he certainly doesn't—he must see to it that some one else does it efficiently, economically, and with a view to public comfort and industrial utility. Already the sentiment for nationalization of the industry is gaining ground among organized labor; a pamphlet put forth by the United Mine Workers' District No. 2, under the title "The Government of Coal," argues for nationalization and unification on the ground that coal is a public utility and necessity, and charges "waste in production, waste in transportation and distribution, waste in consumption." It quotes Herbert Hoover as saying: "This industry [the soft-coal industry], considered as a whole, is one of the worst functioning industries in the United States. It is equipped with capital, with machinery, plants, and labor for a peak load at least twenty per cent above the average necessity."

Now the people of the United States do not want Government ownership either of railways or of coal. It behooves them all the more to see to it that such an oversight of the great basic industry of coal is maintained as is exercised by the Inter-State Commerce Commission and the Railway Board over the railways. We have these boards, not because we want nationalization, but because we want to avoid it.

In the present crisis Attorney-General Daugherty is quoted in the press as saying that, "since fuel is an indispensable part of transportation, the Government has the same power to act in the case of any interference to coal production that it would have in the event of any interruption in the Nation's transportation system." And a bill has just been introduced in Congress which authorizes the President to create a commission of three members, which shall investigate and report to the President within a specified time the "existing labor conditions in the coal industry, with particular reference to wages, hours of labor, and working conditions of coal miners, together with the causes of the present industrial dispute between operators of the coal mines and coal miners."

If it is true, as has been said, that the soft-coal industry is overmanned, overcapitalized, and overdeveloped, it is certain that a Nation-wide strike is not the way to remedy the trouble. There is justice in the claim of the operators that the same rate of wages and the same hours cannot be fixed for mines that are productive and profitable and for those which barely keep going; the uniform National wage rate contended for by the striking miners will not work equitably.

On the other hand, cutthroat competition and a universal strike war in the trade is a blow to National industry and prosperity. It is for the National Government to find a way out, flexible enough to deal with varying conditions.

Morris for the George Matthews Adams Service

IF WE HAVE TO HAVE A STRIKE-BREAKER

Very probably some plan of this kind may be proposed by the President before these words are read. We should at least so reform the soft-coal industry that it should not have its working year vary in its number of days from as high as 284 (1917) to 170 (estimate for 1921). The miners' wage must be computed, not by the rate per day, but by the amount he can earn in a year. Restricted operation is bound to mean artificial maintenance of prices against the consumer and spasmodic, alternating periods of high wages and "lay-offs" for the worker. With anthracite, which is capable of more uniform conditions, the industry is so closely controlled commercially that the householder complains with reason that he sees high prices maintained in periods both of scarcity and over-production.

What will the people through their President and their Congress do to put their coal business on a basis fair to all three parties concerned—the workers, the owners, and the country's homes and business? Some 560,000 union workers in about 8,800 mines are concerned; the soft-coal operators insist that they cannot deal with the combined unions as their contracts require because conditions now differ so greatly in different sections; the anthracite operators declare that the miners' request for higher wages is at this time outrageous, and that wages must go down if prices are to go down. The men, if Samuel Gompers truly represents them, say that control of the mining industry has to an effective degree been transferred from the hands of actual operating men to the hands of purely financial interests, and that "so long as purely financial interests control the operating policy in any industry that policy is certain to be destructive, because human needs are overlooked in the race for a balance-sheet showing."

There was one time when Uncle Sam came very near indeed to taking hold of one big part of his coal business and running it himself. That was in 1902, when Theodore Roosevelt was President. An injurious and intolerable strike had been going on for five months in the anthracite-coal region. John Mitchell led the miners as head of the United Mine Workers (then a comparatively feeble organization) and President Baer, of the Reading Railroad, led the operators. There had been violence, suffering, obstinacy on both sides, refusal to meet for conference. President Roosevelt determined that coal should be mined and get to the people. Efforts to bring about arbitration failed. Finally, Mr. Roosevelt summoned the heads of the two hostile parties to confer, not with one another (for the feeling was so bitter that they would not consent to that), but with him. He declared to them that he proposed to use whatever influence he had "to bring to an end a situation which has become literally intolerable." He declared:

> There are three parties affected by the situation in the anthracite trade: the operator, the miner, and the general public. The questions at issue which led to the situation affect the operators and the miners; but the situation itself vitally affects the public. . . .
>
> The evil possibilities are so far-reaching, so appalling, that it seems to me that you are not only justified in sinking, but required to sink for the time being, any tenacity as to your respective claims in the matter at issue between you. The situation imperatively requires that you meet upon the common plane of the necessities of the public.

The leaders of both sides recognized the fact that the President was thoroughly in earnest, and John Mitchell proposed that Mr. Roosevelt should name a tribunal to determine the issues in the strike, and said that the miners

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would accept the decision of that tribunal if the operators would. This was brought about, and it was agreed that the President should appoint a commission in which neither side should be directly represented. It was to include an officer in the United States Engineering Corps, an expert mining engineer, a judge of the United States District Court for Pennsylvania, "an eminent sociologist," and a man familiar with the coal business commercially. Mr. Roosevelt always spoke with amusement of the fact that, whereas the operators objected strenuously to the appointment of anybody as a labor man, he found that they did not in the least object to the appointment of a labor man if he called him "an eminent sociologist." Thus Mr. E. E. Clark, who was head of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors and later became a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, was chosen as the "eminent sociologist"—a term (says Mr. Roosevelt in his Autobiography) "which I doubt whether he had ever previously heard." To the list was added a sixth member, a Roman Catholic prelate, Bishop Spalding, of Illinois.

The five members of the tribunal, for it really was a tribunal rather than a commission, were Judge George Gray; E. E. Clark; Brigadier-General J. M. Wilson; Mr. E. W. Parker, Statistician of the United States Geological Survey; and Thomas Watkins, a coal expert; with Mr. Carroll D. Wright as recorder.

Every one remembers how, after nearly six months of debate, a working agreement was reached. The system of renewing contracts between miners and operators now still in existence (although somewhat changed) was the basis of that agreement. While the deliberations took several months, the cessation of trouble followed immediately after the Anthracite Commission was appointed, for one thing insisted upon by Mr. Roosevelt was that the production and forwarding of coal should go on during the discussion. Lawlessness also almost wholly ceased.

But, while every one remembers this, few people at the time knew, and perhaps not very many even now know, that President Roosevelt had determined to take the coal industry into his own hands if he could not bring the quarrelsome disputants to an agreement. The story is worth repeating. We quote from the Autobiography:

> The method of action upon which I had determined in the last resort was to get the Governor of Pennsylvania to ask me to keep order. Then I would put in the Army under the command of some first-rate general. I would instruct this general to keep absolute order, taking any steps whatever that were necessary to prevent interference by the strikers or their sympathizers with men who wanted to work. I would also instruct him to dispossess the operators and run the mines as a receiver until such time as the Commission might make its report, and until I, as President, might issue further orders in view of this report. I had to find a man who possessed the necessary good sense, judgment, and nerve to act in such event. He was ready to hand in the person of Major-General Schofield. I sent for him, telling him that if I had to make use of him it would be because the crisis was only less serious than that of the Civil War, that the action taken would be practically a war measure, and that if I sent him he must act in a purely military capacity under me as Commander-in-Chief, paying no heed to any authority, judicial or otherwise, except mine. . . . He answered quietly that if I gave the order he would take possession of the mines, and would guarantee to open them and to run them without permitting any interference either by the owners or the strikers or anybody else, so long as I told him to stay.

Fortunately, this drastic action was not needed. It is worth remembering now, when a critical coal situation seems to be upon us, that twenty years ago the principle was established in this country that industrial peace and industrial production were recognized as an essential right of the people at large, and that the old theory that the public had no rights when capital and labor were at war received then and there a blow from which it has never recovered. Commenting on this triumph of industrial diplomacy, The Outlook said editorially at the time: "The action of the President has afforded a new demonstration of the power of public opinion in a democratic community. He has shown that influence is sometimes worth more than force." It might have been truly added that in this case influence and persuasion had behind them resolution and the determination to use force if force were necessary to protect the rights of the people of the country.

THE BONUS AND THE DISABLED

ON another page Dr. Haven Emerson recounts what has been done for the disabled American veterans of the World War and what has been left undone, or has been misdone. In the reasonable plan for putting a protection of the veteran on the basis, not of pensions, but of insurance, the people of this country have a right to take pride; for the effort to establish that plan the people ought to give credit to the Government. Toward failures incident to the operation of such a vast undertaking the people have a right to be lenient; but for the injection of politics, and particularly for personal ambitions for political preferment or for the maintenance of political positions, into a matter that vitally concerns the welfare, and even lives, of thousands of men who were called to sacrifice everything in their country's service, their country ought to be aroused to indignation.

Politics in both legislative and executive branches of the Government has confused the people and has impeded the work of caring for the disabled. In the executive branch of the Government it has made it almost impossible for the best men of the medical profession to serve the veterans who need and ought to have the best medical service. And politics in Congress has directed legislative energy to the discussion of a bonus for the able-bodied to the obscuring of the needs of the men who are crippled or sick in body and mind.

Public opinion ought not to be confused by any talk about the responsibility of the American Legion. It is Congress, and not the American Legion, it is the President together with his subordinates, and not the American Legion's commander, that is responsible to the people. That in the first place. And in the second place it should be remembered that the demands of the Legion for preferential attention to particular cases did not originate with the Legion, but with the failure of Government agencies to care for all cases promptly and without red tape; and that the demands of the Legion for the fulfillment of promises of a bonus did not originate with the Legion, but with the politicians, who for the sake of votes made those promises in the first place.

The House of Representatives, by passing the Bonus Bill—which is cynically known as the "rich man's bonus" because it favors those men who can hold on to their bonus certificates, and a "pawnbroker's bonus" because it gives advantage to the money-lenders who would take from poor men these certificates as security—has performed no service to the country and no service to the veterans; it has played politics at the cost of both the country and the veteran.

And the Administration, by permitting the Veterans' Bureau to become subject to the will of men who are unwilling to profit by the advice of experts and who show favors to veterans who get the backing of Congressmen, is not serving the country or the veteran, but is playing politics.

In this issue we lay the facts before the public. We do not believe these statements can be controverted. It is time that the press stop criticising the Legion and the veteran and turn its attention to the men in public office.

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THE CRUCIFIERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

VI—THE FIRST PAGAN CONVERT

PAGAN religions have worshiped men whom they made gods; the Christian religion worships a God who has made himself a man. And we can understand the divine nature which he has come to interpret only as we understand the human experience through which he imparts it.

Great men rarely comprehend their mission. Did Luther comprehend to what the Protestant world would grow? Did John Wesley comprehend to what Methodism would grow? We do not know when Jesus comprehended the mission with which he was charged. That he grew up sharing the belief of his countrymen that Israel was God's favored people and that the kingdom of God would be the kingdom of Israel is highly probable. That he had become convinced before entering on his public ministry that God is the Father of the whole human race and that the kingdom of God is not provincial but world-wide is evident from his first sermon preached in the village synagogue at Nazareth. To convert the people to this larger faith was a chief object of his ministry.

And he had failed. When he first announced this faith, the congregation mobbed him. When later he told the people that they must imbibe his spirit and share his self-sacrifice, they abandoned him in such numbers that he turned sadly to his chosen companions with the question, Will ye also go away? When he went up to Jerusalem for his final battle with the priests and Pharisees, his steadfastness written in his face, his companions followed, sadly perplexed between their hopes and their fears. But they still thought that the kingdom would immediately appear. Peter wanted to know what recompense they would receive for their loyalty. James and John came asking the first places in the coming kingdom. It is no easy task to disabuse a mind of inherited prejudice. When Jesus talked in parables, they interpreted him literally; when he talked plainly, they thought he was talking in parables. And at times they discussed among themselves his teaching and confessed, "We cannot tell what he saith." The last week of conflict in the Temple made his meaning clear to the ecclesiastics, but not to the twelve. Hate comprehended, love did not. His disciples could not understand his prophecies because they would not believe in the impending disaster.

May I use common words in attempting to portray an uncommon experience? Then I will say that love was the controlling genius of Christ. Nowhere does that genius find expression in more varied experiences than in the twenty-four hours before his death.

In the last meeting with his friends, not once does Christ ask for comfort or strength from them. Only once does he indicate the sorrow that oppresses him, and then only that he may also indicate the strength which supports him: "Ye shall be scattered, every man to his own home, and shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me." Not to receive comfort but to give it has he sought this hour. The theme of his "table talk" is given in the opening sentence: "Let not your heart be troubled."

After the supper Christ goes out with his disciples to what was probably a familiar trysting-place, since Judas goes straight thither to find him. He has taken every precaution against surprise by asking his three friends to watch; and they have not watched, but slept. Christ hurries out—to save himself? No! To save them; to give them the hint to flee; and then himself to surrender. But this he does not do until he has made one more effort to save Judas; "Friend, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?"

In the preliminary examination Christ can hear through the open door the audacious but now thoroughly frightened Peter cursing and swearing, "I know not this man." A look from the Master suffices; for love sometimes speaks more eloquently through the eye than through the tongue, and Peter, recalled by that look, "went out and wept bitterly."

Roman law forbade public lamentation for a criminal. But it is not in the power of law to restrain the sympathies of women. The tears of certain daughters of Jerusalem, who after Christ's condemnation followed him to the place of his execution, touched his heart. He forgot his own sufferings in his forecast of the coming destruction of Jerusalem. "Weep," said he, "not for me; weep for yourselves and your children."

Arrived at the place of execution and nailed to the cross, he thought not of himself but of his executioners: "Father," he cried, "forgive them; for they know not what they do."

To the taunts of the priests, joined in by one of the brigands crucified at his side, he made no response. But to the other brigand, who dimly felt the more than royal dignity of the King at his side, he breathed a promise of forgiveness and a future life. "To-day," said he, "shalt thou be with me in paradise."

At the foot of the cross were two who loved him. Their reverence touched that heart which no suffering of his own and no injustice to himself could move to speech. In the broken accents of a parting breath, he gave to them the last message of his love: "Mother—look—thy son; son—look—thy mother."

A preternatural darkness, a heavy atmosphere, an awe-inspiring gloom, a singular feeling of helpless insecurity, foretold the impending earthquake. And then the last cry from the cross interpreted for all followers of Christ the meaning of death: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

And "when the centurion saw that he cried out and gave up the ghost he said, 'Truly this man was God's son.'"

Strange that the first clear recognition of the divineness of Christ's character should come from a Roman pagan; stranger still that he should be convinced, not by any miracle which Jesus wrought, not by any doctrine which Jesus taught, but by his death. The hour of Christ's failure was the hour of his success. Love came to earth to save men from themselves. Greed, ambition, cowardice, callous indifference, and enthusiastic hate conspired to destroy love. And in their exultant victory love triumphed.

The Jewish conception of a kingdom of God won by triumphant power has continued in the Christian Church to this day. Still there are men who look for a Christ to come in the clouds and has angels with him to convert the world. Still there are men who think that the kingdom of God, when it comes, will come with observation. Still Christ says to them, "How is it that ye do not understand?"

Christ has received his crown—it is one of thorns. He has received his scepter—the mocking soldiers put it in his hands. He has ascended his throne—the cross is his throne. For thorns and mockery and death willingly borne for the sake of others is love's coronation. Power might win the reluctant submission of men through fear; but only self-sacrificing love can inspire love. We have not to wait for heaven to see the glory of God. The song which John heard in heaven was that of a great chorus seeing upon the earth the glory of God: "For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

The Roman centurion, won by Christ's death to an understanding of Christ's life, was an unconscious prophet of this throng. Said a Bulu to Miss McKenzie, "I was like a child crying in the dark for fear, until the day when I knew Jesus. Then it was as if my mother put her hand on me."

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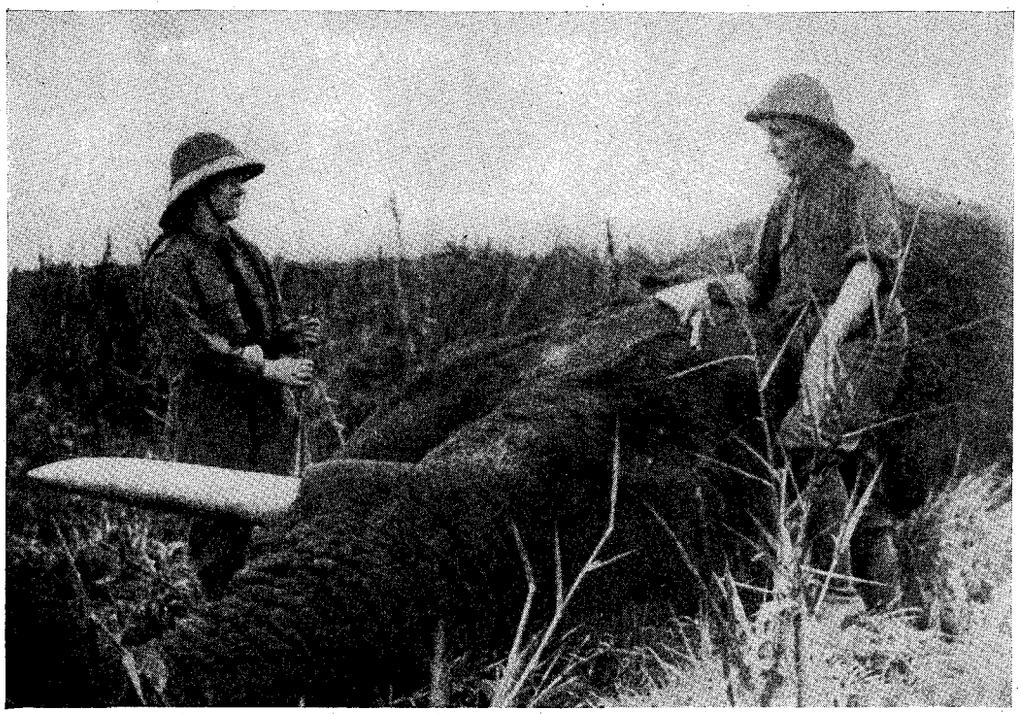
MONSTERS—MODERN AND ANCIENT



Underwood

AN AFRICAN ELEPHANT SLAIN BY MISS MILLER, OF THE CARL E. AKELEY BIG GAME EXPEDITION INTO THE JUNGLES OF BELGIAN CONGO FOR THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

International

THE LABYRINTHODON (RESTORED), ONE OF THE STRANGE CREATURES OF THE REPTILIAN AGE

This and other models of extinct animals which once roamed through what is now known as England are to be seen in the Crystal Palace grounds at London

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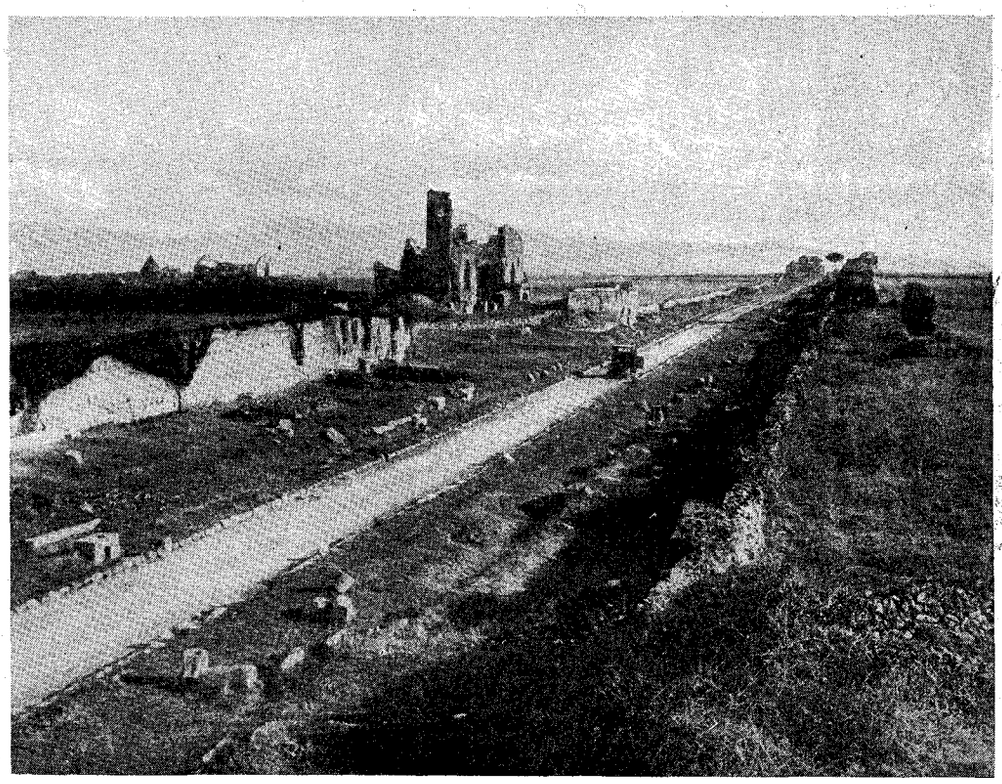
COMMUNICATION—ANCIENT AND MODERN



International

THE FAMOUS APPIAN WAY, IN ROME, BUILT CENTURIES AGO AS A MILITARY ROAD AND STILL IN USE

This road, constructed about 312 B.C., was one of the best known of the vast system of roads for which the Roman Empire was famous. In the course of time the Appian Way fell into disrepair and was covered with accumulated débris. Some years ago it was dug out and uncovered for a distance of several miles. The road, built over 2,000 years ago, is now usable by automobiles. At the left are the ruins of the Ercole Temple and of the Villa Quintilii

(C) Kadel & Herbert

FOR THE RADIO ENTHUSIAST—A RADIO STATION IN AN AUTOMOBILE

This equipment, with which you can listen to the radio concerts while driving your car, is said to be the very latest development of inventive genius for the amusement of the radio fan

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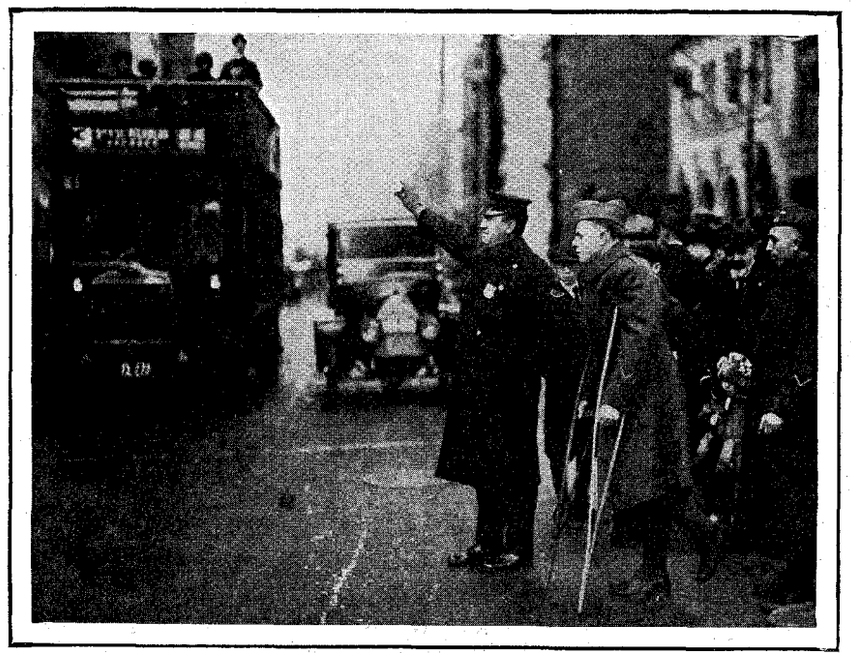
TAKING STOCK OF VETERANS' SERVICE

BY HAVEN EMERSON



THE EX-SERVICE MAN DISABLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY HAS A RIGHT TO THE PROTECTION AND INTELLIGENT CARE OF THE COUNTRY WHICH HE SERVED

THERE were high hopes on October 6, 1917, when Congress by legislation supplementing that of September 2, 1914, provided for a Military and Naval Division in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance of the Treasury Department. This enactment gave expression at the same time to disapproval of the pension system, that National incubus of a half-century, and to the determination of the country not only to be generous but to be intelligent and constructive in meeting the human salvage job which every people faces during and for many years after a war.

The passage of this act brought the application of Government insurance into the consciousness of, and added to the security and permanence of, every family or household which sent its soldier, sailor, or nurse to the armed forces.

The following from the annual report of the Director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance for the fiscal year 1920 will recall the spirit, the facts, the plans, of this new social effort at its inception:

> The selective-service draft had become a realization, and the great democracy was training its citizens into soldiers without discrimination as to class, caste, or creed, and the country on that day registered its wish to protect with humane and generous provisions the manhood which had been called into active service. As the pay of the enlisted man had been increased about one hundred per cent, Congress felt that the drafting into the military service of the country did not withdraw the legal and moral obligation of every man to contribute to the support of his family; therefore the provision was made for the payment of allotments, with Government allowances to dependent relatives of enlisted men under certain stipulations. Congress had in mind, undoubtedly, the pension complication resulting from previous wars, and wished, if possible, to lay the foundation of a structure which would avoid a repetition of this condition. It provided, therefore, not service pensions, but compensation of a monetary nature for death or disability resulting from war service. This compensation scheme was in the main formulated on the basis of the workmen's compensation acts of the various States, with this fundamental difference: That the compensation was based, not upon the man's past earning power, but upon his family status and his injury.
>
> As insurance has been and still is a great factor in the family life of the American people, Congress was anxious that the men who were called into the service should not have their insurability thus destroyed and be rendered incapable of securing from a private company such insurance as they might wish. In view of the war hazard, private companies, most of which, as a matter of fact, are mutual companies, could not with propriety and with safety have granted insurance to the men called into service without asking them to pay a premium to cover the war risk involved. Congress undertook to grant insurance to soldiers and sailors at a premium rate which took account only of the peace-time risk, leaving the whole expense of operation, the cost of disability benefits, the cost due to the war hazard, to be borne by the country at large as a part of the cost of war. Thus it is to be seen that the Bureau of War Risk Insurance had at heart the welfare of the families and dependents of our fighting men, had at heart the sustaining of the fabric of the country and the maintenance of the morale, not only of our fighting forces, but also of the great civilian population which necessarily had to stay behind and support those who were fighting our battles.

Here were the hope and the promise. That the obligation has not been met to the satisfaction of the ex-service men and women, to the administrators within the bureaus concerned, or to the public which pays the bills, must, I think, be accepted, and the reasons for the failures are worth our study lest we find ourselves, through unreasoning discontent or by the inertia of indifference, drifting back to the economic error, the social uselessness, and the political disgraces of the pension system.

For convenience of analysis we may define three phases in the operation of Government services, distribution of relief or financial assistance, and provision of vocational re-education.

The first period was similar to that of many another emergency project during war time, in which the urgency and the bulk of the problem, quite unforeseen, overwhelmed even the most earnest and loyal efforts. With twenty bags of mail to be answered and acted upon in hand a day before the act of October 7, 1917, became a law, and with a group of twenty persons suddenly charged with organizing the largest insurance company the world had yet seen, confusion abounded. Between this and May, 1919, when there were fourteen thousand employees and all the work was about fifty per cent behindhand, little in the way of competent business administration, determination of permanent policies, or provision for future medical care or sound educational effort had been accomplished.

This was a period of mushrooming into a vast, unwieldy, floundering aggregation of clerks and papers. Honesty as well as generosity requires us to excuse the failures during this period and look kindly at the meager successes.

The second period, one of constructive business organization and rapid progress in the principles and mechanics of administration, lasted from March 18, 1919, to April 27, 1921, during which notable accomplishments were achieved and such improvement as was possible with an illogical, inco-ordinated, three-headed direction was made. Some idea of the change in this period can be had from the following facts. The personnel in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance at Washington (not including that of the Rehabilitation Division of the Federal Board for Vocational Education or of the United States Public Health Service engaged in directing their decentralized

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(C) Underwood

THE NOTORIOUS FOX HILL'S HOSPITAL ON STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK, WHICH HAS BEEN ABANDONED BY ORDER OF COLONEL FORBES, DIRECTOR OF THE VETERANS' BUREAU (COMPARE THIS WITH THE MODERN HOSPITAL PICTURED BELOW)

organizations for education and medical services, respectively) was reduced from 15,480 on July 1, 1919, to 5,792 in March, 1921.

Pending or unsettled claims for death and total permanent disability insurance payments were reduced from 13 per cent out of a total of 113,960 filed to 3 per cent of 148,669 filed.

The reinstatement of lapsed insurance policies increased from 2,205 to 217,800, an eloquent proof of intelligent advertisement of Government services.

Payments for death and disability during this period increased from $7,469,466 to $169,734,840.

Pending or unsettled claims for disability compensation amounted in May, 1919, to 49 per cent of the 209,700 then filed, while in March, 1921, the pending cases constituted only 15 per cent of a total of 556,456 filed.

Admissions of ex-service men and women to hospital or other medical attention increased during this period from 9,985 to 789,994.

The number of claimants and beneficiaries of the Bureau occupying hospital beds increased from 1,950 to 23,323.

The number of patients discharged from hospitals after treatment increased from 2,431 to 77,552.

The number of beds available in Government hospitals increased from 6,985 to 18,866.

This was a period when the morale and spirit of the Bureau personnel was raised to a high point, and loyalty and pride in the service and the clean, non-political merit basis of the work made possible enormous output, and gradual gain over the flood of new applications, in spite of a reduction of the force to hardly more than a third of the figure of July, 1919.

It was during this time of trial and adjustment—of deflation, to speak accurately—that the fundamental error of divided administrative jurisdiction and responsibility became evident, not only to the critics of the Wilson Administration, but to the framers of the laws, and most keenly to the claimants of Government benefits.

There was unanimous opinion within and without the Bureau that effective service could not be supplied until responsibility and direction for the medical, educational, and compensation features of the work were vested in one bureau, with a single head.

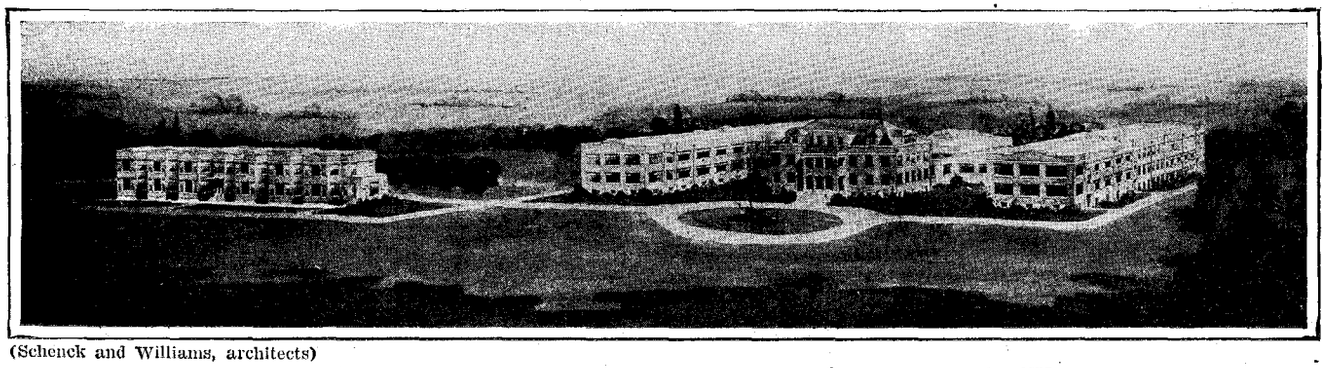
However intimate the personal liaison between the Director of the Federal Bureau of Vocational Education and the Director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, and between them and the Surgeon-General of the Public Health Service and the other officers of the Government responsible for hospital care of the sick ex-service men, no satisfaction to the men or a competent organization could be supplied while responsibility was divided.

The Director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance during this period came to his task untrammeled by political obligations, but trained by many years of sociological study, of business experience, and of particular personal interest in the financial and social applications of life and accident or disability insurance. He came, furthermore, fresh from intimate personal acquaintance with the field work of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance in the American Expeditionary Forces, and, as one of the earliest officers in the service of the Bureau, he had been well trained in the problems of selling insurance for the Government to the men under arms.

He tried to do by mutual agreement and inter-bureau adjustment what was not provided yet by laws, namely, mold a common service to the beneficiaries out of three separated functions. With the American Legion and with Congressmen, in season and out, the Director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance labored to have adequate legislative authority for what he knew must be created ultimately, a single Government agency to deal directly and alone with the claimants for Federal benefits in all matters pertaining to rehabilitation in the medical and educational sense, and to financial benefits under the insurance or compensation clauses of the War Risk Act and amendments to it.

It was during this period that, finally, in April, 1921, an executive order of the Secretary of the Treasury made possible a single organization at Washington and the fourteen district offices, where previously the Public Health Service and the Bureau of War Risk Insurance had frequently suffered from duplication and confusion of authority.

Again, it was during this time that the so-called Sweet Act (signed by the President August 9, 1921) was framed and perfected to be a sufficient instrument to create the Veterans' Bureau, with the hearty indorsement of each



(Schenck and Williams, architects)

A MODERN TUBERCULOSIS HOSPITAL GROUP AT SOLDIERS' HOME, DAYTON, OHIO

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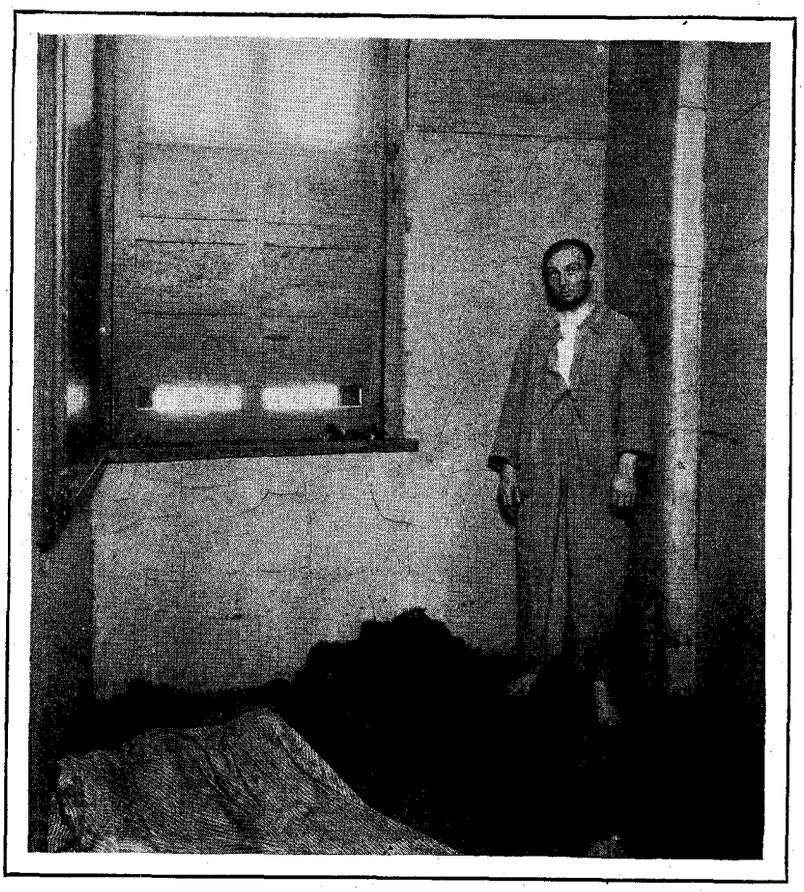

ILLUSTRATING THE TREATMENT OF EXCITED PATIENTS BY ISOLATION IN "STRONG ROOM"

Federal agency at that time struggling under the inconveniences of separate direction. In looking back over this period, it can be claimed with confidence that the faults of administration were largely, if not wholly, unavoidable, and were due to the impossible conditions imposed upon those held responsible alike by Congress, the people, and the ex-service men for carrying out the provisions of the ill-considered laws.

One other serious failure developed during this period, and is still responsible for inexcusable neglect of those who needed immediate and skilled medical diagnosis, care, treatment, and prevention of disabilities by hospital service and all that that implies in the shape of medical and dental dispensary, social service, and home follow-up care. In August, 1919, there was prepared what is known as House Document 481, which constitutes the only thorough and statistically sound approach to an analysis of the needs for hospital beds of various kinds which were then required, and the increase in such facilities certain to be called for to meet the expected load of disease during the next two decades. This study, prepared by the medical and statistical divisions of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, was properly used as a basis for appeal for appropriations sufficient to provide hospitals of the kind needed for the three great groups of patients—the general medical and surgical, the tuberculous, and the nervous and mental.

Congress did not meet these requests either promptly or adequately, and the Director of the War Risk Insurance Bureau and the Surgeon-General of the Public Health Service, upon whom the duty lay to provide for the rapidly growing army of the sick, were driven to pitiful makeshifts, only by courtesy to be called hospitals, to provide even shelter for the men appealing for relief and protection. Because of limitations placed for selfish reasons upon the use of such appropriations as were made, there was much wastage of Government funds and great delay in completion of hospital projects actually authorized. What should have been supplied in response to the wholly reasonable and well-supported demands of the Surgeon-General and the Director in 1919 was not approved and provided for by Congress until March 3, 1921. Then the amount required was halved, and the aid so grudgingly given came too late to save the lives and prevent permanent mental and physical wreckage of many young men who could have been brought back to health if they had received what they were entitled to and needed at once. This loss of two precious years of time can never be regained. Pathology does not halt for politics. The tubercle bacillus and the damaged brain do not await indefinitely the provision of rest, gentleness, security, freedom from anxiety, skilled medical and nursing care. The diseases are relentless and rapid when the victim is left at the mercy of jails or almshouse wardens, or is crowded and treated like a barrack-room loafer while political cliques and parties dicker for votes.

The appropriation of $18,600,000 in 1921 for hospital construction was admitted at the time to be insufficient, and even now the necessary supplementary appropriation of $16,000,000 called for to complete the beds needed within the year will not be transformed into human service in time to provide for the sick whom we can accurately predict will be on our hands within the twelvemonth.

The third phase of veterans' service began with the appointment of the present Director by the President on April 27, 1921, at which time, although administratively he was in theory a subordinate of an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, the authority which he could bring to his support made him from the moment of his appointment responsible only to the President, and as free to make his own decisions and take independent action as he has been since August 9, 1921, when his appointment as Director of the Veterans' Bureau under the Sweet Act gave him a greater power and more absolute control over every aspect of the work than any of his predecessors.

At last, on August 9, 1921, all of the embarrassments of laws which had made a single service impossible were removed, and any student of the Sweet Act will read in it a freedom to develop and direct which the most particular administrator must be satisfied with.

To quote from a recent issue of "Mental Hygiene" (address of September, 1921):

> The Director of the Veterans' Bureau has been given a trust second only to that reposed in the Chief Executive himself. If he sees in scheming politicians enemies of our soldiers as remorseless as those whom they confronted in France, and prepares and executes his plans for relief with regard solely to the disabled men whose welfare and lives we have intrusted to him, his name will be loved and respected in every American home from which a young soldier went out to battle. If, on the other hand, he permits the exigencies of practical politics to interfere with the faithful performance of his task, he will speedily destroy the opportunity that now exists to make atonement for the mistakes of the past.

What is meant of course by "practical politics" is the practice of deciding matters, not on their merits, but for the sake of personal or party benefit.

Until April 27, 1921, the decisions reached, the personnel employed, the policies pursued, the payments made, the medical services provided, had been determined by the merits of each case. Since that time there has been such vacillation, such interference with professional policies, both educational and medical, such obviously and flagrantly unfit appointments, such special favors for claimants coming from suitably in-

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dorsed sources, that it is nothing less than suitable to describe the influences as distinctly political in the sense that that much abused word is meant to imply something malign and destructive of the common service for the sake of partisan or personal purposes.

Looking at the problem from the point of view of a student of public administration, it is apparent that there are three major divisions of Government benefits to be provided: insurance, education, medical care.

In the financial or insurance undertaking there was nothing except the magnitude of it which had not been met by our great life insurance companies and solved by methods which had stood the test of time and the keen fire of commercial competition. There were the brains, the experience, the example of past accomplishment, to guide the Government's undertaking, and when the record of the past four years is written we shall feel a certain pride and happiness in the operation of the insurance provisions of the War Risk Act. There have been intellectual honesty, financial honesty, business shrewdness and vision, and administrative competence shown in the insurance division of the War Risk Bureau and its successor, the Veterans' Bureau. Generosity paired with intelligent observance of actuarial practice has brought an honest benefit to those whose support was lost through battle, disease, or accident in service.

In the educational field, although there were less specific example and experience, there was enough to be observed in England and Canada to give us the broad outlines of the task and methods. Politics and organized labor have been responsible for as much of the failure as lack of adequate professional leadership and responsible field personnel. Not the most indulgent optimist can be persuaded that the end results so far attained have justified the expenditure or brought credit upon those who planned and executed the educational programme for vocational rehabilitation. That certain instances of industrial and professional equipment by education and practical training under the Federal Board of Vocational Rehabilitation can be cited, no one will deny. The truth is that at no time has the service offered been equal to the task or the organization adequate to meet the legitimate needs of those applying for vocational benefits.

As to the medical care and treatment, one can say that the general run of medical and surgical patients have had fair average care; the tuberculous have had treatment far less competent than has been available, by and large, in most of the sanatoria—State, municipal, and private; the mental and nervous patients have, with some notable exceptions, been cared for in a way that can be characterized as little short of gross neglect.

If it were possible to carry through the business service of the insurance division with credit by allowing no interference with the clear-cut decisions and limitations of financial responsibilities of the Government, will the country believe that the leaders of our great State and university educational systems, if they had been unhampered in their work, could not bring results satisfactory to the service men? And can it be claimed that a medical profession which was able to create and staff and serve two hundred thousand beds in the A. E. F. with all the war limitations upon personnel, materials, and transportation and premises that prevailed in France and England and Italy in 1918–19 are incapable of providing the establishments and giving the highest type of medical care to thirty-two thousand patients in this land of plenty if they had been allowed authority to direct and been credited with a knowledge of the needs which were obvious to all but the politicians?

What have been the merits and faults?

What is it that stands in the way of efficient and satisfactory rehabilitation?

Is there politics in it or corruption or stupidity or bad organization?

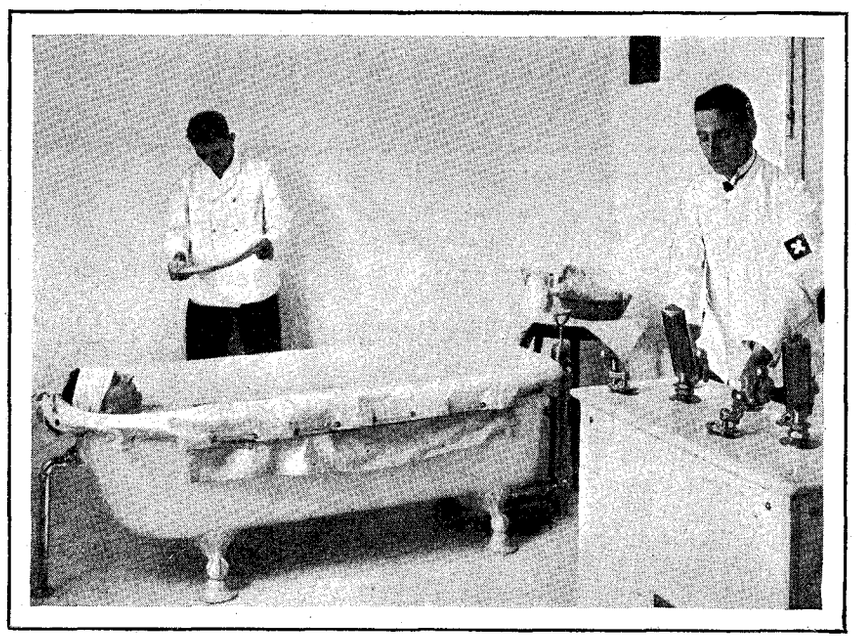
Can excellent, devoted, adequate, generous service yet be provided?

The merit has been more in the conception, in the idea, than in the accomplishment. However, great good has been done in stabilizing the family and the individual by insurance and compensation payments. Great services have been given to the disabled by physical and educational reconstruction.

The faults have been:

1. Until August 9, 1921, a divided responsibility and distributed administrative resources and authority.

2. Delay and insufficiency of appropriations for hospitals.



ILLUSTRATING TREATMENT OF EXCITED PATIENTS IN A MODERN MENTAL HOSPITAL BY PROLONGED BATHS AND SKILLED NURSES (IN CONTRAST TO THE OLD METHOD ILLUSTRATED ON OPPOSITE PAGE)

3. Interference with delicate and difficult professional services in education and medicine by "administrators" and politicians.

4. At present, and since April, 1921, incompetence of direction, subserviency to political opportunism, and lack of any expert knowledge in any of the three main fields of service or in administration of large affairs—traits which characterize the personal leadership of the Veterans' Bureau.

5. Public inertia, a mistaken idea on the part of the American Legion that it could get by political threats and pressure what failed to appear through proper channels, and an almost total lack of co-operation from the men themselves have stood in the way—these and personal self-seeking of large numbers of individual claimants who used the position of their Congressmen and Senators to obtain by individual appeal what could not be obtained "through channels" for all who were entitled to it.

At present nothing but the quality of the leadership and direction of the Veterans' Bureau stands in the way of efficient and satisfactory rehabilitation, for the provisions of law are ample and appropriations are assured, but except through orders from the Secretary of War and Navy, competent medical men cannot be persuaded to sacrifice their self-respect and independence and honesty of action to meet the vagaries of the Director.

Educators of courage and capacity will be unwilling to assume the duties of the Bureau until guaranteed freedom from uninformed interference with their professional services.

There is politics in the appointments and operation of the Veterans' Bureau now and complacency in the presence of improper use of discretion to the benefit

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of those whose interests are urged by political adherents.

As to stupidity, one only needs to recall the reversing and contradiction of orders in the matter of distribution of files, and the absence of any effective effort to obtain the facts of medical services from the files, for examples.

There is nothing fundamentally wrong in the organization, except that authority is not provided where responsibility is placed, and there is a disproportionate predominance of lay influence, as by clerks and lawyers, in matters which should be decided on their merits by physicians and educators.

Yes, the right service, the excellent service, what was and is intended by all the good people of the country, can and must be provided; but probably this will have to wait until the public so impresses the President with its determination to have the best possible service for our disabled veterans that he will replace his political lieutenant, from the realms of pioneer power plant construction, with a real administrator, who will know how to put responsibility and authority upon competent assistants and hold them strictly responsible, while he accepts their guidance for Bureau policies in their respective specialties.

No better conclusion can be put to this brief consideration of the veterans' services than to quote from an address before the annual Convention of the American Red Cross at Columbus, September, 1921:

> Only a few of the problems of disabled ex-service men have been outlined in the broadest possible way. I have tried to show that hospitals—real hospitals, not phantom hospitals—are needed, that dispensaries and social service are quite as essential as hospitals, that many of the difficulties in the way of adequate relief which seem so formidable have been unduly magnified, and that, in spite of our talk about "terminal conditions," "chronic disorders," and "incurables," great opportunities for curing sick ex-service men still remain. All the facilities and activities that I have spoken of might be brought to a high state of perfection and nevertheless result in failure or relatively small success if one other factor is lacking, a spirit of service similar to that which inspired our work for the disabled three years ago. It is too much to expect the patriotic fervor that then animated all our efforts to come again except in a grave National crisis. Mobilization of all our resources in men, women, and material cannot now be invoked to aid this handful of disabled men. A breath of the spirit of 1918 can, however, if we relentlessly hold before our eyes the contrast between our attitude then and now. Let us silence counsels of false economy, hopelessness, and suspicion, and put the performance of this sacred duty back upon the high level of patriotism from which it should never have been dragged. Those who groan about the burden of caring for disabled men, whether in administrative offices, hospitals, or the home, are unworthy to bear that burden. In twenty years a new generation will envy as greatly those who now have the duty and privilege of binding up the Nation's wounds as they will those who defended her during the war. This job must be done as many a bigger one was done in the war—uncomplainingly, willingly, cheerfully, and with a confidence in its successful accomplishment that knows no such words as "compromise" and "failure."

On February 23 there were 30,879 beneficiaries of the Veterans' Bureau occupying hospital beds (9,107 in contract hospitals and 21,772 in Government hospitals), and of these 12,274 were suffering from tuberculosis, 9,069 from nervous and mental diseases, and 9,536 from general medical and surgical conditions.

Youth won the war.

Youth was sacrificed to save many nations and old civilizations.

Youth is growing old in invalidism, prematurely decrepit in body and mind, while the strangle-hold of political opportunism paralyzes the inspiration, the devotion, the anxiety, of a nation.

Youth, clear-sighted, uncompromising, uncompromised and courageous, vigorous, prompt, and honest, is needed now to save what little remains of the self-respect of the country.

The President should be called upon to reverse the policy of paying campaign managers and many political creditors by positions or influence in the Veterans' Bureau, and to institute a régime of competence and merit in its place.

WHAT IS AN ENGLISHMAN?

BY AN AMERICAN

UNTIL the advent of the greatest war the world has ever known Americans were accustomed to regard our cousin across the herring-pond as compact of "side" in its meaning of "affectation," of old-fashioned notions, and of a dogged adherence to the customs and tenets of his ancestors.

We have characterized him as a being utterly devoid of a sense of humor, totally overlooking the fact that one of our greatest humorists, Mark Twain, is found upon virtually every English bookshelf.

But of recent years we of America have come into closer contact with him. We marveled, in those early days of August, 1914, at the apparent *sang-froid* with which he regarded the outbreak of the titanic struggle.

It seemed then that our assumption that the English character is phlegmatic was, after all, somewhat justified. For none can deny that the manhood of England looked upon the coming of war as an annoying disturbance that must be endured and would shortly cease to be. Even then the average Englishman felt that the job could very well be left to the regular army. It had always muddled through, and would muddle through again; it would be necessary, perhaps, to send an expedition into Belgium to give the Germans a drubbing, and then every one would come home again and everything would go on as usual.

Englishmen, as a whole, did not concern themselves unduly, and even Kitchener's appeal for a million men met with but little response. The receipt of news from all parts of the British Empire that England Overseas was arming was regarded with comparative indifference. The "Colonials" had taken a part in the South African affair, and if they wanted to have a share in this little unpleasantness with Germany, "Why, bless their hearts, let 'em."

And then came the awakening. For shells began to fall in Whitby, Scarborough, and Lowestoft. The news was almost incredible, but investigation showed its truth, and England was awake at last.

There was no wild and hysterical excitement. England shrugged her shoulders, took up a hole in her belt, and with a low-spoken "This is getting beyond a joke" headed for the nearest recruiting office.

In a week the fatal German mistake had added three million men to the glorious "contemptibles," and long queues waited in every enrollment center. For England was angry; she had been deliberately smacked in the face, and now she would see it through, "even though it takes all winter, and spoils the pheasant shooting, by Jove!"

Time went on. France was bled white; Belgium crushed but still defiant; Italy swept back and demoralized almost beyond hope; and England staggering under the weight of maintaining armies on fourteen fronts.

To the last the Englishman meant to maintain his lofty attitude—not now of contempt, but of supreme serenity. For if England had to send her sons to a bloody death, she knew that they would die according to the best traditions of "good form."

We Americans found it difficult to understand this mantle of traditional

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"good form" in which our cousin appeared to be inextricably entangled. We looked at the poilu—haggard, unshaven and unshorn; a fighter *par excellence*, but war-worn and beyond caring for the little niceties of life. We penetrated to the British front-line trenches, and found Tommy daily using his shaving-brush and razor, brushing his cootie-infested rags and parting his hair in the exact center prior to going over the top.

Why did he do it? The answer is simple enough. It was for the same reason that the young Englishman in the Indian Civil Service, stationed in a dak-bungalow hundreds of miles from the nearest white cantonment, invariably dresses for dinner. He hardly even realizes why he does it, but in his heart of hearts he feels that it enables him to maintain his self-respect and the "good form" expected of him as an official, however humble or forgotten, of the complex system of British administration.

The Englishman, therefore, may be looked upon as possessed of a dual personality. Hating what he conceives to be even a trace of snobbishness, he is nevertheless so hedged in by his traditions of "form" that he frequently comes perilously near to being, unconsciously, a snob himself. His traditions make him "stand-offish," careful of his associates, difficult to know. He is not prone to enter readily into friendships and is inclined to resent advances with a chilly politeness that may frequently be construed as boorishness.

Once get down under this superficial coating, and what do we find? A true-hearted, loyal comrade; one who throws his cloak of "good form" over us also; who will stand at our side at all times, and back to back with us when necessary. Open-handed, trusting absolutely to our honor, and ever ready to do us a good turn whenever we need it.

Let me tell a little story to illustrate this. It came to me during the course of a casual conversation with an Englishman quite recently. We were discussing the peculiarities of his fellow-countrymen, and, strangely enough, found him holding something of the American point of view. As nearly as I can remember his words I will tell the story verbatim:

"In the year of the coronation of King George V, I was living in a British colony," he said. "I was not very pleased with life at that time, for, owing to an accident, I had become completely paralyzed, unable even to move without assistance. I was nearly fourteen thousand miles from England, but I wanted to see my King crowned, so decided to make the journey. I didn't quite know how I was going to do it without being a bally nuisance to everybody, y' know, but I thought I'd muddle along somehow or other, so off I went.

"I got to England only two days before the actual ceremony and landed at Plymouth on a glorious morning in June. I can tell you, England looked pretty good to me after all the years I had been away. I managed to get a first-class compartment to myself and the train people propped me up so that I could look out of the window, so I was well fixed.

"I wasn't sorry to be alone, because, as we went along through the lovely South Devon country, I somehow found a lump in my throat, and I'm afraid I made a perfect ass of myself. Anyhow, I felt annoyed when the train guard put his head in at some wayside station and asked me if I would mind having another johnnie in with me? It would have been bad form to object, y' know, so in he came.

"He was a tall chap, just loaded down with newspapers, golf clubs, and things, and he had a valet and an eyeglass and all the rest of the outfit. He settled himself down in a corner and vanished behind his papers.

"Presently the train ran onto a bridge over a broad river, and there was a glorious stretch of water reflecting the great wooded hills on either side. It was lovely as only England can be lovely, and, to my weary, useless body it looked like heaven. I spoke almost involuntarily: 'By Jingo!' I said; 'isn't that perfectly splendid?'

"Down came the newspapers in the corner and a scandalized face appeared above them. He fumbled for his eyeglass, screwed it into his eye, and slowly examined my recumbent form from head to foot and then from foot to head. Then, in a tone of the most withering contempt and outraged dignity, came just one word.

"'Indeed,' he said, and up went the newspapers again, hiding him from my sight.

"It was beautifully done, but I had been out of England a good many years and most of my polish or whatever you like to call it had got rubbed off. I had also developed a hot temper, and now it rose within me like a wave.

"'Well,' I retorted, 'I've been out of England a long, long time, but I'm sorry to see that all the snobs are not yet dead.'

"Down came the papers again and a very red face looked out. 'My dear chap,' he said, 'I was unpardonably rude, and I owe you a thousand apologies. One has to be so jolly careful whom one speaks to, y' know, and, really, you quite startled me. I'm most awfully sorry, and I hope you'll forgive me.'

"Then ensued a most delightful hour of talk. He moved over opposite me and we asked each other innumerable questions. Finally we reached Exeter and the valet appeared. My unknown friend gave some orders in a low tone, and presently these materialized in the shape of two dainty luncheon baskets and a bottle of champagne. He fed me with the utmost solicitude and kept me all perked up until we got to Bristol, where I had decided to leave the train and rest until the following day.

"I was met there by friends, but he helped to carry me out, and then asked me where I was going to stay in London. I mentioned a certain hotel, and he handed me his card, asking me to telephone him when I arrived. Then he lifted his hat to me and went off, leaving me to look at his card for the first time.

"He was the Marquis of ——, and then I understood how, in the beginning, I had sinned against all the canons of the everlasting English 'good form.'

"Next day I went up to London, and, upon arriving at my hotel, telephoned my Lord Marquis as promised. He came straight round, and in rather a bashful way apologized all over again for the incident of the previous day. Finally he said he had 'taken the liberty' of making some arrangements for me for the coronation ceremony, and would send a carriage for me early next morning. As he left he handed me a sealed envelope, asking me to give it up when it was inquired for.

"Early next morning a carriage with coachman and footman and also an assistant arrived, and I was carried down and placed therein. To my astonishment, I was driven straight to Westminster Abbey, and upon presenting my sealed envelope to an official who inquired for it was received with the utmost courtesy. My stretcher was carried up the stairway and into a gallery reserved for special guests of the King of England himself. A space had been cleared, and I was carefully propped up so as to secure an unimpeded view. The gallery quickly filled with people whose names are famous wherever England is known, and in this company I spent a memorable morning indeed, for I saw my King crowned within fifty feet of me and partook of all the splendor of that matchless ceremony in the midst of all that was great and noble in England's Empire."

Now this is only a simple little story, but it bares the warm heart that lies underneath the frigid English exterior. We may learn from it a sound moral in these days when every effort is being made by a section of our American press to belittle our blood relation across the Atlantic, and when the young marquis himself lies asleep in Flanders Fields.

And the moral is that the Englishman is not to be judged by externals. Get down under the ice-cap of his formality and tradition, and you shall find a warm and generous heart within. For the Englishman, whatever may be our preconceived notions of him, is worth cultivating, and if the trials we have shared with him during the recent struggle shall in any measure serve to bring us closer together in a spirit of mutual understanding then indeed those heroes who have paid the one supreme sacrifice shall not have died in vain.

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A BELIEVER IN HAPPINESS[1]

BY L. H. HAMMOND

DOWN in Georgia some forty-odd years ago was a little colored girl who needed no fairy godmother, for she had some of the most beautiful gifts in the world. One of them was a mother of remarkable character and insight; one was an inborn spirit of happiness which nothing could dampen, and which those around her found very contagious; and one was an opportunity for development such as few children of her race and generation dreamed of.

Her mother was a widow, housemaid and seamstress in the home of a Northern woman of wealth and education who lived in the South for a number of years. Janie came to the white home with her mother, and lived there until she went away to school. The white children were about her own age, and they all played together, as would have been the case in any household while they were little. They all found something oddly attractive about Janie. It wasn't just that she was pretty, nor that she had loose, wavy hair and a skin no darker than an Italian's; it was something that belonged to her soul—a kind of delight in living and a love of living things that overflowed all round her. Wherever she was a good time was going on; she did things for people, and enjoyed doing them, until they had to enjoy it too.

The white children and their mother fell in love with her. When her mother married again and went back and forth between her own home and her employer's, Janie was kept at the "big house" and became almost a member of the family. The children were read to a great deal, and Janie always came in to enjoy it. As the years went on she gained a knowledge and love of good literature such as only favored folk can have. She was very prettily dressed, her room was daintily furnished, and all her surroundings were those of refinement and ease. She knew little of school; her education came from reading and from her associations.

So life went on until the children grew large enough for their continued companionship to seem strange to the neighbors. The mistress of the house was unwilling to send Janie away to spend the rest of her life with untaught Negroes, and she thought the life of the average colored woman terribly hard, so she offered to send Janie North, to give her as good an education as could be had there, and to establish her afterward in some community where her race would not make life hard for her.

"But of course," she said to the child's mother, "you must give her up. You must make me her legal guardian, and agree never to see her again. You will do this because it is for her good, and you love her."

But the mother would do no such thing. She was wise enough to know that no good can come to anybody by running away from obligations into which they are born. Janie was colored, she said; she had had a wonderful chance in life so far; she must share it with her people. She might go North for her education—her mother would be most grateful; but she must come back

MRS. JANIE PORTER BARRETT

home to live and work. Her mother would never give her up.

They argued for days. The white woman, set on what she thought was right, refused to do anything more for the child unless she were given to her outright. The mother, equally set, took her home, and prepared to give her such an education as she could. Janie's stepfather was a prosperous Negro, a worker in the railway shops. He had been taught the trade of a mechanic as a slave, and had been allowed to "hire his time" before the war—that is, he had worked where he pleased, paying his master a yearly sum to offset what he might have been worth as a slave, and keeping the rest himself. When the war ended, he had money enough to buy some land and build himself a home. He had worked and saved ever since; and he meant to do as well by his stepdaughter as by her half-sisters, his own children. Janie's mother, too, had worked and saved; and if Northern colleges were beyond their means, Hampton wasn't; they would send her there.

The white woman was aghast.

"Oh, Janie," she wept, "I've ruined your life! It's a *work* school—they require rough work, such as you've never done, and there are rough students there, such as I never meant you to know. Child, you'll have to scrub floors there—I've seen them at it. Think of your having to scrub floors!"

Janie had no wild desire to scrub, and she felt a bit dashed for a minute; but her belief in the happy possibilities of life was not to be daunted. Something rose up within her and answered almost without her knowledge.

"I don't believe you've ruined my life," she said, stoutly, clutching at something to lessen the unhappiness before her. "I don't see why I can't do something for my people yet that will be worth all you've done for me—and worth the floor-scrubbing too."

Years afterward she said she hadn't an idea of doing anything for her people when she spoke; she didn't know where the words came from. She wanted to make her weeping friend happy; and in the crisis the deepest thing in her, unknown to her as yet, stirred to life and spoke.

So she went to Hampton. And she scrubbed floors. Incidentally she scrubbed the skin off her knees, and she says the floors were not clean for a good while, but she learned.

"I hated scrubbing floors," she said, laughing as she told of it; "I'd never learned how. But I had learned that I must obey; so whatever they told me to do I did it the best I could, whether I liked it or not; and I learned."

But helping her people—she didn't want to. Everybody thought it so great and solemn an obligation; and she hated solemn things. She wanted fun. And she was homesick for the old home, the old friends, the old beautiful refinements of life. Why should she scrub floors or help ignorant folk?

Then she got hold of a book—Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." I wish all young folks would read it. "The Palace of Delight" would intrigue their hearts, as it did hers; and perhaps it would change their lives, as it did hers, too.

"Why, *that's* helping folks—to make them happy," she exclaimed. "It needn't be solemn at all. I'd love to help that way; and I will."

Her head was full of it after that, and her heart. When she was graduated, she chose, out of several places to teach offered her, a school in a little community in the "wire-grass country," one of the most backward places in Georgia at that time. The salary could hardly be discovered without a microscope.

"Why, child," gasped her mother, "are you crazy? That's no place for you to go to!"

"I don't believe they ever have much fun down there," she answered. "I'm going to give them a good time. Of course I can't live on the 'salary;' but you can help me out."

"And she did, too," said the daughter, smiling as she thought of it. "My

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mother always did stand by me. We had a good time, too. I visited the children's homes week-ends to find out what they needed most. My, such places! Poor souls, no outlook on life at all—just a grind of work and poverty and deprivation. I taught the children calisthenics and games. We played. And we bought some croquet sets, and learned that. We had picnics, and trips in the woods. They learned in school, too. And the white folks were all kind; folks said they wouldn't be, but they were. We had a real good time that year."

Then she was offered a position at Hampton; and in the fall she went to Virginia for life.

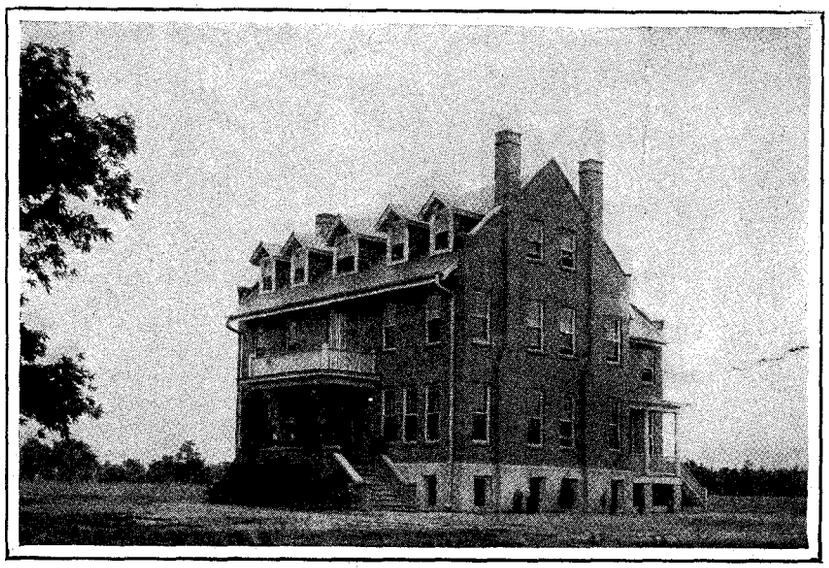
In 1889 she married Harris Barrett, a Hampton graduate, who from his graduation until his death in 1915 was cashier and bookkeeper at Hampton. He took her to the home he had bought for her; and for years they worked over it together until it became a beautiful place. One rule they made and never broke: nothing was ever to go into the home that was not *theirs*, paid cash for to the last cent before it entered the house. The furniture came piece by piece. (That is the best-loved kind of furniture in the world.) But she had to have some delightful things to start with. She called her home the "Palace of Delight," because she meant it to be that to everybody around her; and, though a palace might be short on furniture, what there was of it must be dainty and beautiful. So she asked her mother to give her only the plainest and most necessary clothes, and to put the money into household linen and solid silver.

"Silver!" gasped her mother. "I can't fit you out with solid silver, child!"

"Oh, no," agreed Janie; "I don't want to be 'fitted out;' but I want a table like the one I was brought up to see every day—flowers, and the whitest cloth, and enough spoons and forks for us two to eat with. I *can't* have tin spoons on my palace table!"

So she had silver ones; and friends and faculty at Hampton supplied what her mother's gift lacked. And when the house was fixed, with a good many gaps where pretty things were going to be some day, yet dainty and attractive as far as it went, she hunted up somebody to give a good time in it.

She found them literally at her gate—the little black children turned out in the streets to shift for themselves while their mothers cooked or washed all day. She scrubbed them clean and told them stories and played games with them. In no time she had a whole kindergarten on her hands. Then she coaxed the mothers in evenings, and the young folks, who had so little chance for clean, happy fun in their lives, and some of the men. She had clubs for all of them; and while they were having a good time she showed them all sorts of ways of better and healthier and happier living. The Palace of Delight wasn't big enough to hold the people who flocked to it.



"FEDERATION COTTAGE," THE FIRST COTTAGE BUILT AT THE VIRGINIA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

All this time she and her husband had been saving up money for a bathroom. She wouldn't have one until she could have the kind she wanted—white-tiled, with a set-in tub and a beautiful big bowl—a bathroom to enjoy for a lifetime. It would cost several hundred dollars; but at last the money was ready. There was nothing to do but select the fixtures and engage the workmen, when in came, quite uninvited, the most disconcerting thought!

She had tried dreadfully hard now for a long time to get the mothers of her clubs in love with cleanliness. You have to love it very much to keep your home and children clean when you wash or cook for other people all day and are tired out when you get home. Mrs. Barrett never had to work out—the mothers said that to her; she had time to be clean, and they didn't, they said. And now if she had a bathroom—a lovely shining white place with hot and cold water on tap instead of stone-cold in a well down the street, and a big porcelain tub instead of an old wash-tub to bathe in—oh, she could never do anything with them again! They'd say: "You don't know anything about our hard times—you and your comforts and conveniences. Let us alone!"

She thought about it a good while. She did so *want* that bathroom! She had dreamed about it ever so long. But at last she decided she wanted happiness more—everybody's happiness, which is the only real kind, though everybody doesn't know it yet. She talked it over with her husband, who always understood things; and they decided to spend the bathroom money on a community house out in the yard. When the clubs gave entertainments, as they constantly did, the house wouldn't hold the people any more; they needed a great big room. And so, by love's magic, the bathroom became a house that was all one big room and could be used by turns for a kindergarten, a bad-weather playground, a club-house, a gymnasium, a reading, assembly, concert, and lecture room—surely the most protean bathroom ever known.

The work broadened until it touched the whole colored community. Teachers and students at Hampton helped; and many an Institute boy and girl found inspiration there for community service in their own far-off homes. Love is always like that—a seed that grows, bearing other seeds that fly on the winds of life to all sorts of unsuspected spots. The Palace of Delight came true, too big for the walls of any one building to hold.

It did more than leaven the Negro community; it built a bridge between the races. Long before the women's Federated Clubs generally adopted Clean-up Week a civic-minded white woman of Hampton, a leader in social circles, planned a clean-up for her town. She knew it would never be clean without the Negroes' help; and, having heard of Mrs. Barrett's work, she asked her help with the colored people. Thus brought together, the two women became friends, with large consequences, as the sequel will show.

During these happy years the colored club women of Virginia made Mrs. Barrett their State president. They had a small, struggling organization with a very few hundred members.

"And it will never be any bigger," thought the president, "until it does something together—something for somebody else—and together."

Who needed happiness most? Girls needed it, anyway; girls who grew up without care, either because their mothers were dead or because they had to work away from home all day, so that the girls grew up in the streets and never had any chance. Her heart had ached over such girls often. Sometimes they stole something—a trifle, usually;

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or they got into some other trouble the police had to notice. Then they were sent to jail and shut up with hardened criminals; not taught anything useful or good, but shut up where there was nothing to learn but sin; and yet they were just children who had had no chance. Couldn't the fortunate colored women of the clubs do something to help these girls? Perhaps the thought of her own protected daughters helped her to see the need of these who were uncared for. She had three girls of her own by now—one in the heavenly home, and two here with her and her husband.

So she and all the club women went to work. They wanted to help the girls, and to do something else too.

"We must show Virginia that colored women can be useful as citizens," said the president; "that we can, and will, serve our State in a worthwhile way. We will take this poor human wreckage that is such a dead loss and waste and turn it into an asset for the State."

They worked three years, that handful of women, and they raised $5,300 in cash. They bought a farm of a hundred and forty acres at Peake, eighteen miles from Richmond. Mrs. Barrett wrote Dr. Hart, head of the Child Welfare Department of the Russell Sage Foundation, for advice about plans for an industrial training school, and he gave her the best the Foundation had. It was to be built on the cottage plan, that the girls might have the home life they had missed. The first cottage, of concrete and brick, was for thirty girls, and cost $8,000. (This was long before war prices.) Mrs. Barrett raised this money from white and colored friends. Two Richmond white women gave her $1,000 apiece.

She wanted the State to help. It did nothing now for delinquent colored girls; and she wanted an appropriation for running expenses. To get it she knew she must have white people on the Board of Trustees. So she went to the civic-minded white woman who believed in Clean-up Week. She was interested at once, and before she stopped she had secured the white half of the board—herself and two Richmond women distinguished in club and social life, the rector of General Lee's old church in Richmond, a prominent business man, and one or two others. Mrs. Barrett secured Negroes equally well known among their people for her half of the Board; and then the white and colored women went together to the Legislature. The committee agreed to recommend an appropriation for running expenses, the colored clubs raising a like amount.

It was about this time that Mrs. Barrett's great sorrow came. Her husband died. For twenty-five years they had lived in understanding love. One can only state the loss and leave it.

Dr. Hart wrote her that when the house at Peake was built she ought to take charge of it herself. "You had the vision," he said; "you must go there and make it come true."

She showed the letter to a white friend in some indignation. "I go to Peake," she exclaimed, "and leave my lovely home, and my friends, and all my pretty things, to eat in an institution dining-room off thick plates with tin forks! Of course I'm going to work for it harder than ever; but to live there—"

Her friend looked at her a minute and then said quietly: "Of course if you don't feel you ought to go, that settles it."

She couldn't get rid of that, somehow; and then came a telegram from Richmond. The Legislature, about to pass the appropriation, had received a protest from the white people of the Peake community—they didn't want the school there. "The Legislature won't give the money in the face of this protest," telegraphed one of the white women trustees. "What shall I do?"

Mrs. Barrett answered: "Beg them to give us one chance, to try us. If the school proves objectionable, I promise to move it."

"That settled me," she said, laughing a little as she told the story. "I'd promised to move it; and I wasn't going to move it, so it was up to me to make it succeed. I went there to live, and I've been there ever since."

"You must miss your home," I said.

She looked sober for a minute, and then laughed.

"Oh, well, I carried my silver spoons. And sometimes, on grand occasions, I use them. And my two girls have been so sweet about it. And the other girls—did you notice, when you went over the place, any difference between the girls in the new cottage, the fifty-nine newcomers, and the honor girls in the first cottage?"

"I certainly did," I answered. "The honor girls had a look—it was as though something inside of them had waked up."

"That's it," she cried. "That's it exactly! Their souls wake up. Scarcely a girl there who isn't a Christian, and their lives and their work show it. We fail sometimes; but when our girls go out on parole they nearly all make good. Most of them go out to service—until they marry. They all know how to make a good home when they leave us. And some of them win scholarships in good schools and become teachers. Some of our old girls teach for us now.

"And during the war we had a surprise. One afternoon when I was out a party of white people from Washington came, inspected everything on the place, and went off. Soon after came an offer from the Government of $20,000 to enlarge the place for work among the colored girls around the Virginia camps if the State would give $20,000 to match it. The State did, promptly; and we put up two buildings, which were crowded all during the war. We use the concrete one now for our newcomers, the first cottage being the 'honor cottage,' to which our best girls are promoted with privileges after proving their trustworthiness."

The girls in this honor cottage are the ones whose faces showed so plainly the spirit which had been kindled within them. In the white uniforms which they are allowed to wear on Sundays and special occasions they are a happy, promising-looking group.

The third building is a big one, midway between the other two, and still little more than a shell. It was a crowded dormitory in war days, a real emergency building, where many a neglected girl obtained shelter and care and a start toward better things. It is used now for class-rooms, for entertainments, and for industries. Eventually it will be finished and equipped in a manner worthy of the great Commonwealth to which it now belongs, and which believes in the work the school is doing. This faith was strikingly shown two or three years ago when the State Legislature of Virginia passed the following resolution:

> *Whereas,* it has come to the knowledge of the General Assembly that most valuable and important services have been rendered by the colored women of the State of Virginia, known and organized as the Virginia State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs, and
>
> *Whereas,* this organization originated, raised funds for and established an institution for the reform of wayward colored girls in the establishment of the Industrial Home School at Peake, Hanover County, Virginia, which has met with signal success and performed services of reform and conservation at this vital time, when all the services of all the people are so sorely needed,
>
> *Therefore, be it resolved,* by the House of Delegates, the Senate concurring, that the services and sacrifices on the part of these citizens be recognized, and that this resolution expresses our appreciation of this work looking to the betterment of the morals of the State of Virginia.

Certainly Mrs. Barrett has made good. And of the white neighbors who feared to have such an institution come among them not one can be found to-day who is not a warm friend of the school. In the State appreciation of the work has so grown that support of it, at first entirely borne by the colored women, and then shared by them and the State, has been entirely taken over by the State.

But that isn't the whole story. Loving-kindness is a very contagious thing. We are really built to catch it. And down in South Carolina the State Commissioner of Charities and Correction heard of Peake, and so did the colored women's clubs of the State. They talked it over together, and decided that the colored women should begin a similar work in South Carolina, the Commissioner to help them in every way he could; and he felt sure that if they made it a success the white people would help just as they have done in Virginia. So the South Carolina colored women started a school. They have run it now for two years; and they have done so well with it that if it had not

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been for the after-the-war money troubles of the country and the farmers' losses in cotton the State would probably have taken it over before this. But even though that step must wait, the white people are helping in other ways. The South Carolina county Inter-Racial Committees have agreed to raise $20,000 for the school for equipment and running expenses. The Commissioner has issued a public indorsement of the school and its value to the State, and some counties have already over-subscribed their quotas.

So good work spreads, and as time goes on there will be more schools and fewer prisons everywhere; because people will see more and more clearly that the just and sensible thing to do is to take care of the children who have had no chance.

WAS CAPTAIN KIDD A PIRATE?

BY JOSEPH B. GILDER

WAS Captain Kidd a Pirate? Being clever, you may reply, "Was St. Paul a Christian? Was Washington the Father of his Country? Did Columbus discover San Salvador?" Or you may answer, no less ironically: "No; nor was Napoleon a military genius, Alfred the Great a poor baker, or Nebuchadnezzar a vegetarian."

Some facts, indeed, are so well attested, some characters so thoroughly known, that it seems futile to question them, and foolish to take seriously any one who does so. Essays, if not whole volumes, have been written to prove how sadly Nero has been misjudged; the good and great Aurelius is discovered to have been weakly uxorious; the wise Franklin to have been dissolute in his youth; and the grave and godlike Washington intemperate of speech, if not of action, in his prime. Sometimes of course the suspicion will not down that the iconoclast is less intent on righting a false reputation than on achieving, not an unremunerative *succès d'estime*, but a blazing *succès de scandale*.

The only available facts in the case of Judas Iscariot are briefly and dispassionately stated in a book accessible to every one. He betrayed his Master, and the world is agreed that his character was despicable. No further testimony on the subject being now obtainable, it is impossible to rehabilitate his reputation. If one should try to show that he was a worthy and much maligned man, the act would be a whitewashing performance of the most flagrant character.

But there are cases where the facts are not so few and simple or so readily accessible; or where, perhaps, powerful influences have come into opposition, and violent prejudices have been invoked to prevent the truth from being disclosed, and where the same prejudices have moved later chroniclers to ignore or distort the actual facts and thus perpetuate an undeserved reputation.

Such a case was that of William Kidd, mariner, of New York, who for his misfortunes, and not for his crimes, suffered a felon's fate over two centuries ago, leaving behind him, as John Fiske, the historian, says, "the most famous name, perhaps, in all the annals of piracy." The clearing of a name thus unjustly aspersed is not whitewashing. It is merely the scraping off of black paint from a surface long since besmirched, revealing the true color hidden beneath the shameful coating. And surely no man ever more sorely needed, as none better deserved, such an act of belated justice than Captain Kidd.

From "The Book of Pirates" (Philadelphia, 1839)

CAPTAIN KIDD BURYING HIS BIBLE

The tradition is that before starting on his alleged career of piracy Captain Kidd buried his Bible in the sand. This legend forms the subject of one stanza in the "Song of Captain Kidd," which is reprinted on the next page

Lord Macaulay—a violent Whig partisan and a blind worshiper of Lord Chancellor Somers—devotes several pages of his famous history to a highly rhetorical denunciation of Captain Kidd, for the simple reason that the Chancellor was deposed largely because of his association with the reputed pirate. And the genial Washington Irving, either in ignorance or sheer perversity, lampoons him outrageously. Indeed, almost all literature—whether history, legend, fiction, or verse—is a tissue of falsehoods in so far as it touches upon Kidd's character and career. For he was not only not a pirate, but he never buried so much as a dollar's worth of treasure. And as for Gardiner's Island, where the bulk of his fabulous fortune is generally believed to have been hidden, he never once set foot upon its storied shores.

In 1695 Robert Livingston—founder of the illustrious American family of that name—visited England to press certain personal claims against the Provincial Government of New York. Captain Kidd, commander of the brigantine Antigua—a packet plying between New York and London—happened to be there at the same time. As chance would have it, William III had just named the Earl of Bellomont as Governor of New York and a large part of New England, and had set him the task of suppressing piracy, of which America was the chief nursery.

Livingston's business brought him in contact with the newly appointed ruler, and the subject of piracy having come up for discussion one day, he recommended his fellow-townsman as a man qualified above all others to command an expedition against its practitioners. Kidd had told him he knew many of

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these marauders, was acquainted with their hiding-places, and, having had experience in naval warfare (gained in fighting the French), was confident of his ability to capture them or drive them from the seas.

Lord Bellomont jumped at the suggestion. The King also cordially approved it. An old military associate of Kidd's testified at his trial that the Captain himself was by no means enthusiastic about undertaking the adventure. As Livingston had told Bellomont, he was well-to-do and happily married; and, being fifty years old or so, he was more inclined to quit the sea for good and all than to assume the risks of such a long and hazardous voyage. Lord Bellomont, however, told him that there were "great men" interested in the affair, who would stop his packet in the Thames if he refused their offer and attempted to return to America. Great men there were, indeed. The King himself was one of them, and Bellomont another; and in between came the Earl of Romney, who at times held various high and lucrative appointments from the Crown; the Earl of Orford, First Lord of the Admiralty; the Duke of Shrewsbury, Secretary of State; and—more important still—the Whig chieftain, Baron Somers, Lord Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal.

A master mariner of unblemished reputation, duly commissioned to cruise against and capture French merchantmen and pirate ships of all nationalities, Captain Kidd did his best, in extremely trying circumstances, to carry out his instructions from the British Government. He had the personal backing of the King of England and the chief members of his official household. They were, in fact, his partners; for the undertaking, though launched in part under the seal of the Admiralty and in part under the Great Seal of England, was really a private one, all the partners save his Majesty, and possibly Lord Bellomont, risking good money in it in the hope of handsome returns. The King himself, though he failed to keep his promise to invest, arranged none the less that he should have one-tenth of the profits.

This was more than the commander himself was to receive, though he was to bear the burden and heat of the day. His investment, moreover, was £600; and he was put under bonds in the sum of £20,000 to be faithful to his trust. Livingston invested the same amount as Kidd; and he too was bonded, though for only half as much as his protégé.

Kidd asked for a man-of-war and 150 trusty fighting men; but none could be spared from the war with France, and so the Adventure Galley was built for him and a crew of civilians picked for her with the utmost care. Early in the year 1696 the vessel dropped down the Thames to the Nore; and there a press-gang boarded her and took off nearly all of her hand-picked men, to replenish the personnel of his Majesty's fleet! By heroic efforts Kidd in a few weeks succeeded in scraping together a handful of men to replace the larger force that had been "pressed;" but the material was of inferior quality and the number far below what was needed for the purposes of the voyage. It thus became necessary to cross the sea to New York, there to refill the vacancies in his crew.

This accomplished, Captain Kidd sailed by way of the Madeiras and the Cape of Good Hope for the island of Madagascar—a favorite rendezvous of the banditti of the seas; but when he arrived there, a year after his departure from England, the pirates were away, plying their lucrative trade in the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. Thither Kidd pursued them, with little or no success, however; and when another year had passed, the East India Company reported that he and his crew had turned pirates themselves and seized and looted sundry vessels belonging to the subjects of the Great Mogul—much to the injury of the Company, whose trade depended on the favor of that swarthy potentate. On receiving this report, the British Government—without waiting to hear from Kidd or to make any investigation of the charges—forthwith proclaimed the Captain an arch pirate, and excluded him by name from the amnesty promised to all others save Captain Avery and him.

Meanwhile his crew, disgusted by their commander's refusal to turn pirate when it had proved impossible to make a satisfactory killing by adhering to the terms of his commissions, had at first mutinied, and then deserted him to cast in their lot with a notorious pirate chief at Madagascar. By this time the Adventure Galley, having become unseaworthy, was abandoned and scrapped, and after some months' delay in replacing, in part, the men who had left him, the unlucky commander cleared for home on one of the ships he had found sailing under French passes and had accordingly captured. This vessel—the Quedah Merchant—was the largest and most valuable of his prizes, but her cargo had been much reduced by thefts on the part of the men who had deserted him.

On their arrival in the West Indies, early in 1699, Kidd and his little crew learned of the charges that had been made against him and the proclamation calling for his capture. This resulted in the depletion of his force by further desertions, which made it impossible to take his prize any farther. Purchasing a smaller vessel, therefore, and leaving the Quedah Merchant in what he believed to be safe hands, Kidd sailed with the remnant of his crew for the city of New York. Arrived in Long Island Sound, he learned that the Earl of Bellomont was absent, administering justice at Boston.

Captain Kidd felt justified in regarding this official, not merely as a partner, but in a sense as a friend, as he had been introduced to him under friendly auspices in London, and it was by him that he had been engaged to command this unfortunate expedition. Hence, on receiving the Governor's solemn assurance that if he was not guilty of piracy he might safely come into port, he promptly set sail for Boston. The Earl had, indeed, pledged his "word and honor" to "perform nicely" what he had promised to do by way of aiding Kidd to clear himself. But no sooner had he lured the man within his reach than he caused him to be arrested, manacled, and thrown into jail, and subsequently to be shipped to England for trial, for

THE SONG OF CAPTAIN KIDD

Oh, my name was Robert Kidd, as I sail'd, as I sail'd;
Oh, my name was Robert Kidd, as I sail'd.
My sinful footsteps slid; God's laws they did forbid;
But still wickedly I did, as I sail'd.

I'd a Bible in my hand when I sail'd, when I sail'd;
I'd a Bible in my hand when I sail'd.
I'd a Bible in my hand, by my father's great command,
And I sunk it in the sand, when I sail'd.

I spied three ships of France, as I sail'd, as I sail'd;
I spied three ships of France, as I sail'd.
I spied three ships of France; to them I did advance,
And took them all by chance, as I sail'd.

I spied three ships of Spain, as I sail'd, as I sail'd;
I spied three ships of Spain, as I sail'd.
I spied three ships of Spain; I fired on them amain,
Till most of them were slain, as I sail'd.

I murdered William Moore, as I sail'd, as I sail'd;
I murdered William Moore, as I sail'd.
I murdered William Moore, and I left him in his gore,
Not many leagues from shore, as I sail'd.

I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sail'd, as I sail'd;
I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sail'd.
I'd dollars manifold, and riches uncontrolled,
And by these I lost my soul, as I sail'd.

This old ballad of course follows the traditional view which regards Captain Kidd as a pirate. Some versions make the Captain's name William instead of Robert

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the reason that piracy was not a hanging offense in America!

No one, indeed, was interested in helping the unfortunate mariner. The hue and cry against him—if it had not, indeed, been started for that very purpose—had provided the Tories with a welcome stick with which to beat the King's Councilors, all of them Whigs of the highest standing. The Ministers, for their part, sought safety in denouncing their gallant partner as one who had betrayed a sacred trust, and for whose misdeeds they were in no way responsible. They were now as eager to be rid of him as they had been solicitous, a few years before, to become associated with him in what promised to prove a money-making enterprise. The East India Company, again, anxious to control the policing of the Eastern seas for their own purposes, had done what they could to forestall his expedition three years before, and by their later accusations had brought him to his present pass. So Captain Kidd, the Scottish-American seafarer, had now become a man without a country and virtually without a friend.

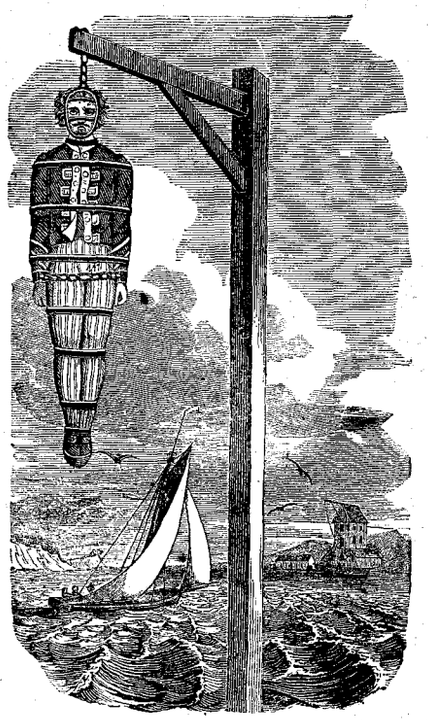
After repeated debates in Parliament and searching examinations by Parliamentary and Admiralty committees, Kidd was finally brought to the bar in May, 1701. When arraigned, he was forced to plead before the indictment against him was read. Having done so, he was astounded to learn that his alleged crime was not piracy, but murder. To this charge, which had never been hinted at before, he had of course prepared no defense. He frankly admitted that he had struck down the ringleader of the mutineers in the course of a quarrel about the man's insolent and insubordinate words and deeds, but that the act was wholly unpremeditated. This, indeed, was clearly indicated by the weapon used—an iron-bound bucket ("of the value of eightpence") which happened to be within reach when the quarrel occurred. Sundry indictments for piracy followed, on all of which, as well as on the charge of murder, he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, his execution following a fortnight later (May 23, 1701).

The retinue of lawyers for the prosecution were not more obviously determined that Kidd should die than were the judges who condemned him. After the first hour or so of his trial, the two learned counsel who had undertaken to defend him abandoned him to his fate, having probably discovered, or been advised, that it would be judicious to do so. But the presiding judge admitted that if the evidence the prisoner sought to introduce—namely, the French passes carried by the ships he had taken—had been produced in court, it would have cleared him of the charge of piracy. In making this admission Chief Baron Ward could hardly have been unaware that this evidence, turned over to the Admiralty by Parliament for use at Kidd's trial, had been deliberately suppressed. It was not only within reach at the time, but has been carefully preserved for over two centuries, and may be seen to-day at the Public Record Office in London.

The only direct evidence against Kidd was furnished by two of his old crew, who, having deserted him and turned pirates, saved their own lives—as he himself put it—by swearing away his. A number of military officers testified strongly in his behalf; but their testimony to his high character and efficient services as a fighter for the King in the West Indies some years before was brushed aside as irrelevant. His last words in court were that he had been "sworn against by perjured persons."

While Kidd awaited execution the ordinary (chaplain) of Newgate Jail did his utmost to extort a confession from him; but his efforts were vain, though he pressed them even after the man was on the gallows. Kidd freely admitted, in general terms, that he was a miserable sinner (many a saint has done the same); but he stoutly denied that he had ever committed a piratical act or had been guilty of anything worse than homicide in causing his gunner's death.

The opponents of Kidd's great partners had done their best, while he awaited trial, to get him to say that he had been prompted to turn pirate by his associates, particularly Lord Chancellor Somers, or had been promised a pardon if he should do so. It was represented to him that his life would be spared if he brought such accusations and stuck to them, and that it would surely be forfeited if he refused; but he steadfastly resisted the temptation to perjure himself, even though he was assured that two of his great backers were "restless to have him hanged." His reward for this magnanimity was to be called "a fool, as well as a knave."



From "The Book of Pirates"

CAPTAIN KIDD HANGING IN CHAINS

Captain Kidd was stoutly championed by the late Sir Cornelius N. Dalton; that monumental British work, the "Dictionary of National Biography," admits that his trial was not a fair one; and the American historian, John Fiske, declares that the Admiralty failed to break down his defense. That defense was that such irregularities as were committed by the men nominally under his command were in direct opposition to his orders. Lord Bellomont had told the Lords of Trade that he had heard this from various sources. At Madagascar, when he tried to get them to take the pirate ship to which they shortly afterwards deserted, they said that rather than fire one shot into the pirate they would fire ten into him. Governor Fletcher of New York—who had no reason to love the man—had predicted that if the voyage should not prove as profitable as they hoped Kidd would find it impossible to control such a "horde of men." And President de Peyster, of the New York Historical Society, said many years ago that "the only act of bloodshed that stained Kidd's career"—the killing of his mutinous gunner—would seem to be a quite "pardonable one in a man wholly at the mercy of a desperate and turbulent crew."

As a matter of fact, Kidd was neither a knave nor a fool, but a capable and honest man caught in the vortex of a bitter political quarrel between the foremost men in England. The Tories sought to have him condemned in order to discredit the Whig leaders; and the latter were quick to repudiate him and anxious to have him swing, for they wanted a scapegoat, and Kidd served the purpose to perfection. It was chiefly on his account that Somers was forced to give up the Lord Chancellorship; and when the great man's impeachment was sought, later on, he deferred his defense till Kidd had been put out of the way.

Fate and history have been unkinder to no man than to Captain Kidd. Apropos of what befell Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who were caught between the upper and nether millstones in the quarrel between himself and his royal uncle, Hamlet remarks:

> 'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
> Between the pass and fell incensèd points
> Of mighty opposites.

Had Kidd never fallen into good company—had he not so favorably impressed Livingston, and been brought by him into relations with the great men of his day—he might or might not have died "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," but at least he would have died unhung, and his name would not have become a byword and a reproach to all succeeding generations.

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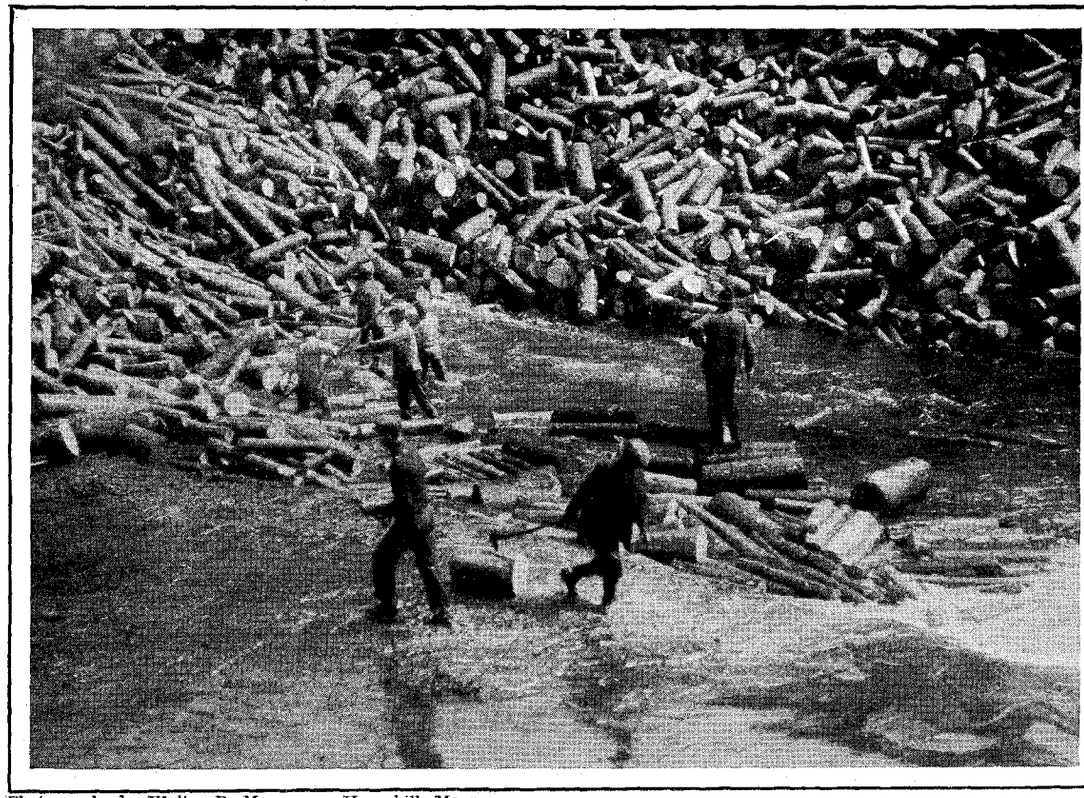
"BOOKS IN THE RUNNING BROOKS"

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER

The pictures show the activities of a great paper-making company near Waterville, New Hampshire, on the upper reaches of the Mad River. "The logs," our informant says, "are from about the last lap of old-growth spruce of any size left in New England. The upper picture shows the preliminary operation of getting the logs to the sawmill. They are there cut into short lengths of four feet, as they are to be used wholly for pulp, and the river is not large enough to drive down full-length trunks. The logs are piled, by chain conveyors, from the power saws, on the river bed during the winter. When the spring thaw starts, the water is held back at suitable places with dams fitted with gates. When the storage basins are full, the gates are opened wide, the openings of the various gates timed so that the 'heads' reach the big pile at nearly the same time. Then all turn to and loosen up the logs (see the lower picture), using dynamite if necessary, in order to make the 'head' produce a big 'run.' When the thaws start in earnest, six or more 'heads' a day are possible. A pile of 15,000 cords will be cleaned up and started down the river inside of two weeks, when the water runs well.

"Running the logs is an interesting, not to say exciting, operation. The men are all in the water, waist deep most of the time, from morning to night, working down the pile and keeping the logs moving. Fourteen hours a day, five hearty meals, and a bunk to sleep in—and it takes a rugged chap to stand it, even for the two weeks or so until the final 'clean up.'"



Photographs by Walter R. Merryman, Haverhill, Mass.

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THE BOOK TABLE

WANTED—READERS WHO CAN READ

SOME months ago, in an article on this page, I ventured to take exception to a pontifical statement of Miss Amy Lowell's to the effect that a certain volume of poetry held the future firmly in its grasp for the possible reason that it was "miles over the heads of the public." It was my contention at that time, and I still maintain it, that poetry which is not read can scarcely be said to be alive, and that, while a real poet does not and should not write down to the public, poetry fails in much of its purpose if it does not contain elements of universal appeal.

Since writing that article I have been wondering why even poetry which is emphatically not over the heads of a large proportion of the non-verse-reading public should find so restricted an audience, and it has seemed to me that perhaps an explanation might be found in the fact that poetry is virtually without interpreters.

I do not mean by this that there are not critics to burn. Some of them should. I do not mean that book reviewers are neglectful in their efforts to bring to the reading public all that is worth while in modern poetry. Book reviewers are a much-abused lot who are more conscientious than they are commonly credited with being. In fact, the common or garden book reviewer has borne much of the odium which should be thrown upon the more brilliant special writer who insists upon making every review an autobiographical monologue at the expense of the volume intrusted to his care. I seem to have been side-tracked by a pet aversion.

When I spoke of interpreters of poetry, I meant men and women who could do for Robinson and Masefield what Paderewski and Hofmann do for Chopin and Liszt. If any one rises and suggests that our various poets be drafted to interpret their own work, I shall emphatically protest. Some of them can read poetry, but more of them cannot. For the reading of poetry is dependent, not only upon the understanding of its intellectual and spiritual content, but also upon the possession of an adequate vocal instrument. The fact that we have so few real interpretative readers of poetry is perhaps to be explained by the common belief that poetry is closely akin to prose because it happens to be recorded in the same sound symbols. In reality, it is much closer to the realm of music than to the domain of prose, and there are probably as few people who can arrive at a full appreciation of a poem by a silent reading of it as there are who can comprehend a symphony by a perusal of the score. Of course the analogy is not exact; for part of the appeal of poetry can be understood by the general reader, whereas no man who is not a real musician can derive any pleasure whatsoever from the speckled pages which are made alive by the genius of an interpreter.

Where can the looked-for interpreters of poetry be found? Frankly, I do not know. One might look for them on the stage if it were not perfectly obvious that most modern actors and actresses are singularly devoid of any comprehension of the structure and significance of verse. Perhaps the English stage, where the traditional requirement of a melodious voice still persists, might supply an interpreter or two. There may be schools of elocution which could develop real interpretative readers if the demand for them was strongly felt. Or perhaps some man with a spark of creative poetry in him too faint to justify a life devoted to the writing of verse, but with a sufficient appreciation of the work of his betters, might be caught young and diverted from futile publication to the more urgently needed work of adequate interpretation. Perhaps we may still develop a reader of poetry whose phonograph record of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" will be sold in active competition with Caruso's "Celeste Aïda," or whose readings from Shakespeare's Sonnets may some time be given an exclusive wave length at a great international radio poetry-broadcasting station. Who knows? Stranger things than this have happened.

HAROLD T. PULSIFER.

BIOGRAPHY COMES INTO ITS OWN

THERE has been a notable quickening of public interest in books about people. Librarians, booksellers, lists of popular non-fiction books, all testify to this. Always a delightful source of literary refreshment, the informal biographies—those in which reminiscence, anecdote, and free drawing of character predominate over dry details and personal data—are now eagerly read by thousands who not so long ago were apt to regard everything but the current fiction and magazines as "solid."

Such books as "The Education of Henry Adams," Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria," "The Americanization of Edward Bok," "Roosevelt's Letters to His Children," and the "Mirrors" of London and Washington have been in almost fierce demand at village libraries, so that the librarians are bombarded with requests to buy extra copies. The sign is a healthful one. It shows an extended and extending interest in something more than senseless sensations. Moreover, it is pleasant to notice how many readers have awakened to the knowledge that this class of reading is joyous entertainment. There is humor as well as information in most good biographies, from Boswell's Johnson down. One might almost say that the life of a man who has no sense of humor, no reaction to the humorous side of society, is hardly worth telling. Take the wit and the story-telling elements from Lockhart's "Scott" or Trevelyan's "Macaulay," or from such a recent publication as the Letters of Ambassador Page, and how flat and dull, however valuable historically, would be what was left.

Happily there seems to be abundant material for the kind of biography that amuses as well as instructs. Certainly Mr. Depew's "My Memories of Eighty Years"[1] belongs to the category just described; in fact, it is stronger on the side of entertainment than instruction. Mr. Depew has been a relater of anecdotes and amusing yarns at dinners and public occasions innumerable; the plenitude of his stock of stories has been the admiration of hundreds of audiences and the common property of newspapers for generations. Yet here he produces what seems to be a new stock, for there is little that will seem trite to the average reader. The secret seems to be that he has saved for his "Memories" just the right stories—those that throw light on the personality and traits of the many famous people he has met. There are few men of note in the last fifty years whom he has not known. He came near entering a permanent political career early in life, but was dissuaded by Commodore Vanderbilt, who, when Depew was offered the post of Minister to Japan, said to him: "Railroads are the career for a young man; there is nothing in politics. Don't be a damned fool." Later, as United States Senator from New York, Depew saw closely the field of politics; while finance, business, education (his interest in Yalé has been one of the strongest in his life), and society have always been familiar to him. Blaine, Grant, Greeley, Cleveland, Roosevelt, Mark Twain, Ingersoll, Joseph Jefferson, are a few among many of whom anecdotes are told.

An after-dinner orator is apt to tell set stories and make set speeches. The man who can seize upon something that occurs at the moment and turn it to account always scores a double success. Mr. Depew tells one such anecdote of himself:

> I arrived at the dinner late and passed in front of the dais to my seat at the other end, while General Grant was speaking. He was not easy on his feet at that time, though afterwards he became very felicitous in public speaking. He paused a moment until I was seated and then said: "If Chauncey Depew stood in my shoes, and I in his, I would be a much happier man."
>
> I immediately threw away the

[1] My Memories of Eighty Years. By Chauncey M. Depew. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.

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speech I had prepared during the six hours' trip from Washington, and proceeded to make a speech on "Who can stand now or in the future in the shoes of General Grant?" I had plenty of time before my turn came to elaborate this idea, gradually eliminating contemporary celebrities until in the future the outstanding figure representing the period would be the hero of our Civil War and the restoration of the Union.

The enthusiasm of the audience, as the speech went on, surpassed anything I ever saw. They rushed over tables and tried to carry the General around the room. When the enthusiasm had subsided he came to me and with much feeling said: "Thank you for that speech; it is the greatest and most eloquent that I ever heard."

Not quite so creditable but certainly as quick-witted was Blaine's readiness in a train-end speech. Depew says:

I had an interesting experience of his [Blaine's] readiness and versatility when he ran for President in 1884. He asked me to introduce him at the different stations, where he was to deliver long or short addresses. After several of these occasions, he asked: "What's the next station, Chauncey?" I answered: "Peekskill." "Well," he said, "what is there about Peekskill?" "I was born there," I answered. "Well," he said, rising, "I always thought you were born at Poughkeepsie." "No, Peekskill." Just then we were running into the station, and, as the train stopped, I stepped forward to introduce him to the great crowd which had gathered there from a radius of fifty miles. He pushed me back in a very dramatic way, and shouted: "Fellow-citizens, allow me to make the introduction here. As I have many times in the last quarter of a century traveled up and down your beautiful Hudson River, with its majestic scenery made famous by the genius of Washington Irving, and upon the floating palaces not equaled anywhere else in the world, or when the steamer has passed through this picturesque bay and opposite your village, I have had emotions of tenderness and loving memories, greater than those impressed by any other town, because I have said to myself: 'There is the birthplace of one of my best friends, Chauncey Depew.'"

Mr. Depew knew Lincoln. He states that at Lincoln's re-election he would not have carried New York State if he had not got the soldier vote. Depew had charge of distributing the ballots to the soldiers in the field. But Stanton objected:

I took my weary way every day to the War Department, but could get no results. The interviews were brief and disagreeable and the Secretary of War very brusque. The time was getting short. I said to the Secretary: "If the ballots are to be distributed in time, I must have information at once." He very angrily refused and said: "New York troops are in every army, all over the enemy's territory. To state their location would be to give invaluable information to the enemy. How do I know if that information would be so safeguarded as not to get out?"

As I was walking down the long corridor, which was full of hurrying officers and soldiers returning from the field or departing for it, I met Elihu B. Washburne, who was a Congressman from Illinois and an intimate friend of the President. He stopped me and said:

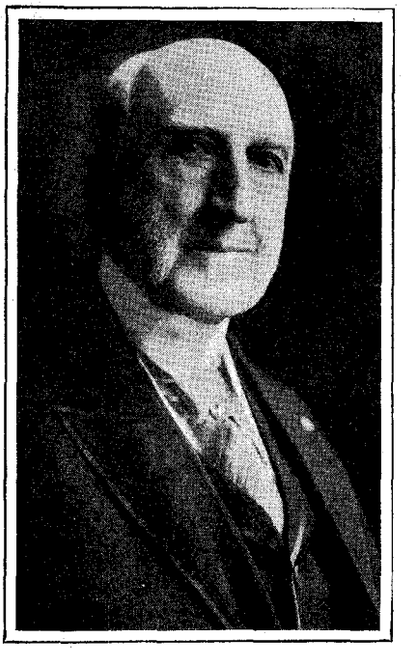
"Hello, Mr. Secretary, you seem very much troubled. Can I help you?" I told him my story.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. I answered: "To protect myself I must report to the people of New York that the provision for the soldiers' voting cannot be carried out because the Administration refuses to give information where the New York soldiers are located."

"Why," said Mr. Washburne, "that would beat Mr. Lincoln. You don't know him. While he is a great statesman, he is also the keenest of politicians alive. If it could be done in no other way, the President would take a carpet-bag and go around and collect those votes himself. You remain here until you hear from me. I will go at once and see the President."

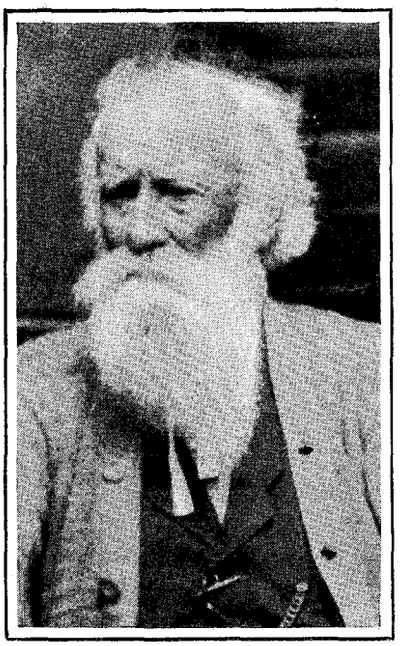
In about an hour a staff officer stepped up to me and asked: "Are you the Secretary of State of New York?" I answered, "Yes." "The Secretary of War wishes to see you at once," he said. I found the Secretary most cordial and charming.

"Mr. Secretary, what do you desire?" he asked. I stated the case as I had many times before, and he gave a peremptory order to one of his staff that I should receive the documents in time for me to leave Washington on the midnight train.



(C) Underwood

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW ON HIS EIGHTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY



JOHN BURROUGHS

When Joseph Choate and Depew encountered, the good-natured chaff was evenly divided. Choate on one occasion waved at Depew a stock prospectus headed "The Depew Natural Gas Company, Limited" and shouted, "Why Limited?" But Depew countered at another dinner; Choate told the audience that a reporter had asked him for an advance copy of his speech, adding that he already had Depew's, "with the applause and laughter marked in." Depew declared that the reporter had told him that he had Choate's advance copy, with a lot of poetry in it, and that when Depew asked whose poetry it was, the reporter replied that "it was so bad he thought Choate must have written it himself."

But the temptation to quote must not be abused. The book is one big storehouse of anecdote. It brings before one scores of noted people here and abroad, with bits of description and apt incidents of their lives—all in perfectly good-natured banter. The "Memories" is not marked by distinction of style. It is decidedly objective in that it shows us what its author did and saw and heard, while there is little to show us what are his convictions or philosophy of life or views of public questions. But, whatever it lacks, it is most emphatically an entertaining volume.

Very different, indeed, less amusing but finer in quality, is the slight, gently written bit of autobiography left by the late John Burroughs.[2] This is a sincere and simple revelation of the naturalist's boyhood life on his father's farm eighty years ago. It was written for his son Julian, who furnishes an interesting "Conclusion." As the publishers point out, "it is amazing that an old man could think himself back into the psychology of his boyhood with such vivid fidelity." The life portrayed was that now almost obsolete on "the self-contained, self-sufficient farm where they

[2] My Boyhood. By John Burroughs. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $2.50.

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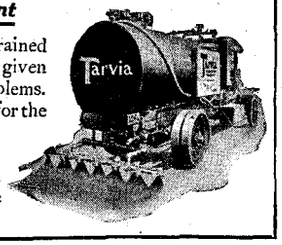

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THE BOOK TABLE *(Continued)*

raised their own food, made most of their own clothes, and thought their own thoughts."

John Burroughs differed from others placed in those circumstances in that he had acute powers of observation, a desire to know things, a singular facility in expressing himself clearly, and a fine spirit toward men and nature. One is pleased in reading this unpretentious record to live over again with Burroughs the boyhood country life of one who became a writer so serene, unpretentious, and companionable. ROBERT D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

CORNISH PENNY (THE). By Coulson Cade. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.90.

An irresponsible piece of story writing, rambling and plotless; but yet a tale with charming bits of description and romantic incident. In short, it is much better written than it is planned.

GUEST THE ONE-EYED. By Gunnar Gunnarsson. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

The work of an Icelandic author who writes in Danish—said to be as unlike Icelandic as French is unlike Latin. He weaves the ideas of ancient Saga legends of Iceland into a tale of three recent generations. There are imagination and thought in the writing.

PURPLE PEARL (THE). By Anthony Pryde and R. K. Weeks. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.90.

Still another story from the pen (in this case, partly from the pen) of Mr. Pryde—the fifth, we believe, to appear within little more than a year. One naturally suspects, in such apparent prolixity, early work exploited on the strength of a real success. Perhaps it is not so here; but the book is certainly inferior to "Nightfall," which remains Mr. Pryde's best novel.

ROMANCE TO THE RESCUE. By Denis Mackail. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.90.

The title of the novel is also the title of a play supposed to have been written by the mysterious heroine. There is humor in the situation, for the lady's play is sent by mistake for reading to her husband, an actor from whom she is separated.

THREE MUSKETEERS (THE). By Alexandre Dumas. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

The recent "movie" revival of "The Three Musketeers" makes the sumptuous reprint of this standard edition especially timely. The present volume contains two hundred and fifty illustrations by Maurice Leloir, illustrations which may become as closely associated with Dumas as are the Cruikshank pictures with Dickens.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE ON THE COMPARATIVE METHOD (A). By Sir Banister Fletcher. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $12.

This is the sixth edition of a standard work. It differs from previous editions in having been entirely rewritten and enlarged, and now contains no less than thirty-five hundred illustrations.

SPANISH ROYAL TAPESTRIES (THE). By A. F. Calvert. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Of the score of volumes comprising "The Spanish Series" this book, in point of scope and general interest, is the least considerable. But to art connoisseurs it may seem the most considerable. Mr. Calvert wisely prefaces his account of the Gothic and Renaissance tapestries by a chapter on the history of the art of tapestry weaving. Following the text nearly three hundred illustrations are massed togther.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

HISTORIC PARIS. By Jetta S. Wolff. The John Lane Company, London. $2.50.

In this volume we have a very careful, painstaking account of much that goes to make Paris interesting on the historic side. The volume is valuable as a reference book. If its text could have been expanded, it might also have been delightful as a book for general reading.

SECRETS OF THE BALKANS. By Charles J. Vopicka. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. $3.

GREATER RUMANIA. By Charles Upson Clark. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $4.

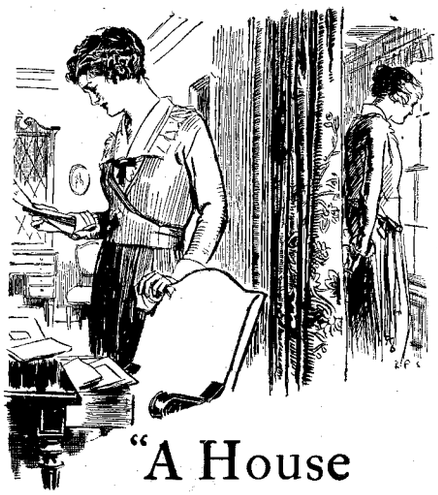
The first of these volumes is a simple, naïve account of what our Minister at that time to Rumania, Serbia, and Bulgaria saw in the Balkans from 1913 to 1920. As one after another of the Powers were drawn into the European conflagration Mr. Vopicka assumed the responsibilities of their legations and consulates until finally he represented the interests of eight nations—America, England, Germany, Italy, Rumania, Russia, Serbia, and Turkey. His book certainly contributes to our knowledge of the war period.

A more serious contribution to our present knowledge of one of the abovementioned countries, namely, Rumania, is Dr. Clark's just-published volume—indeed, it is, we believe, the only up-to-date work of reference in English for that country. More particularly it instructs us concerning the new provinces outside the old Kingdom—concerning Bessarabia, Transylvania, the Banat, and the Bukovina. The extremely informative text is interestingly illustrated. As in "Secrets of the Balkans," so in this, personality plays a strong part, as any one may know who consults Dr. Clark's accounts of the King and Queen and of such statesmen as Bratianu and Jonescu. The text is remarkably free from such errors as that on page 373, which speaks of "*Princess* Sava Goin."

POETRY

SEA POEMS. By Cale Young Rice. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

This volume of selected pieces from earlier publications is merely a reminder that Mr. Cale Young Rice simply cannot capture the authentic urge of poetry. He tries everything once, and



"A House Divided"

TWO sisters and a brother had been living with their father in a fine old house that had been the family home for generations.

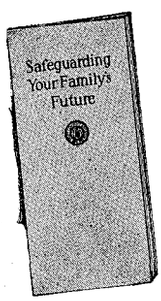
To so leave matters after his death that the family estate and possessions would be preserved for his children's and their children's use, was the object closest to the aged father's heart.

He consulted his children regarding the making of his will and was persuaded by the younger daughter to name his son as executor and trustee.

Upon the father's death, the estate came into the son's hands, and he engaged in a number of business ventures.

The older sister, becoming anxious about the estate, finally went to court for an accounting from the brother. It was found that the estate was almost hopelessly involved. All that was finally left was the old home—and there was but little to keep it going. The sisters still live in the same house, but they are strangers to each other.

A Free Book About Wills



Leaving money and property to be managed by "someone in the family," or "someone we know," has been the cause of many disasters. A safe, sensible, modern way to insure the preservation of an estate, is to name a trust company as your executor and trustee. With the trust company, the administration of an estate is a specialized business. The trust company is expert in the handling of investments. It is familiar with legal requirements. It has ample financial resources. It does not enter into family disputes.

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consistently fails. He is grandiose, he mouths loudly, often his work is brittle, and always the superficial technique lacks sufficient flare to hide the lamentable absence of inspiration. He comes nearest to success in such minor magazine verse as "A Song of the Old Venetians." Its pleasant swing is perceptible in the first verse:

> The seven fleets of Venice
> Set sail across the sea
> For Cyprus and for Trebizond,
> Ayoub and Araby.
> Their gonfalons are floating far,
> St. Mark's has heard the mass,
> And to the noon the salt lagoon
> Lies white, like burning glass.

This is pretty enough, albeit the average of a college undergraduate.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ADVENTURES OF A TROPICAL TRAMP (THE). By Harry L. Foster. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

Here is a lively and agreeable account of the adventures in South America of a young man who went "down there" without money and came back with little more cash but rich in experience. He sees the picturesque side of things with an unfailing eye, writes in a bright, conversational style, and has made a book that will "take."

BEYOND SHANGHAI. By Harold Speakman. Illustrated. The Abingdon Press, New York. $2.50.

An artist tells in this book, by pen and palette, how he visited China, living, so far as a foreigner can, in Chinese fashion, and seeing much of life on the Grand Canal and in the cities on its banks and elsewhere. The pictures are attractive and the narrative spirited.

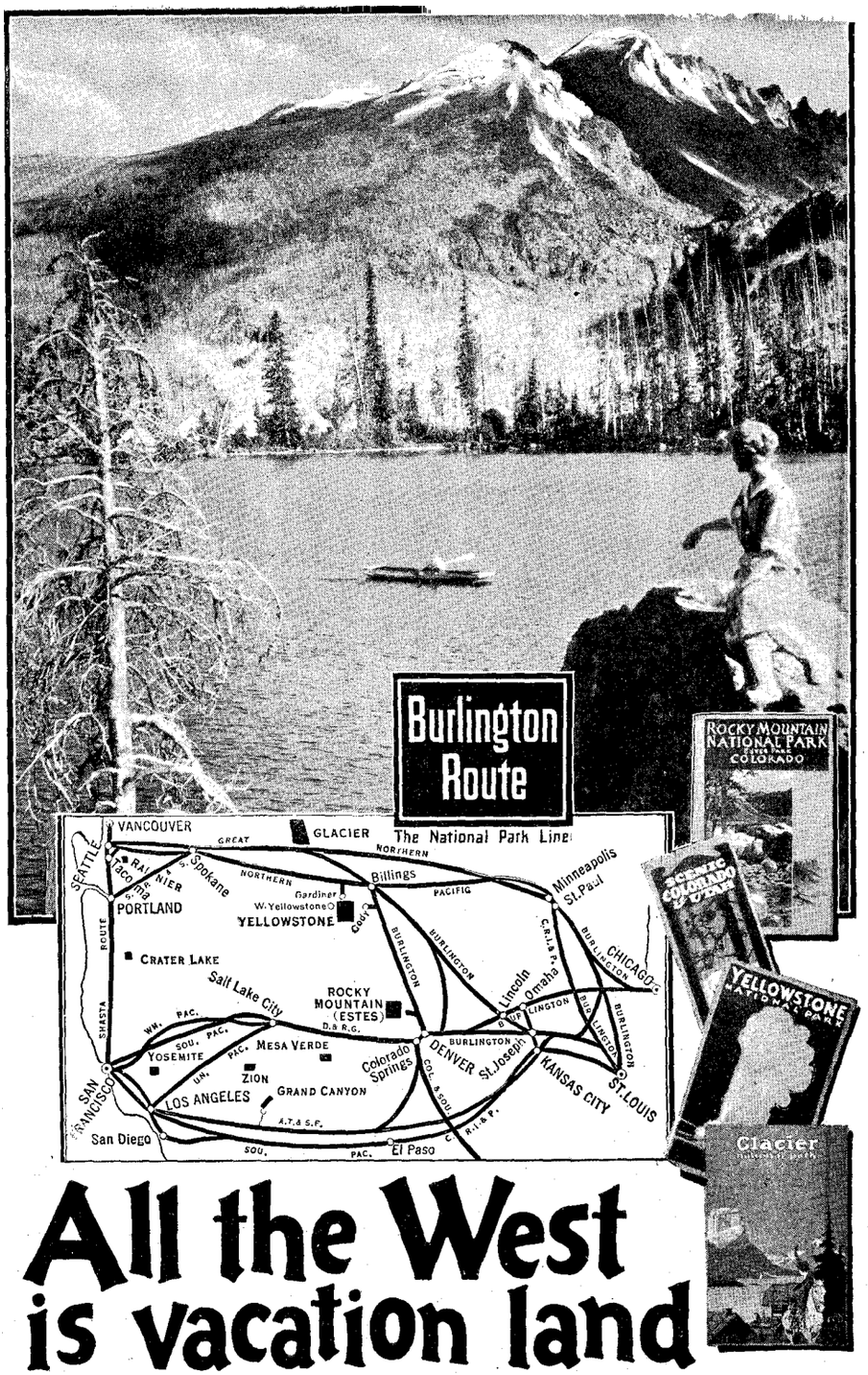
OLD TRAILS AND NEW BORDERS. By Edward A. Steiner. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.

No writer on immigration is more vivid or suggestive than is the author of this welcome volume. In it he instructs us concerning certain countries of Europe from which the ranks of immigrants are recruited. The book is the outcome of an investigating tour in which Professor Steiner revisited places well known to him, was admitted to Government circles, and had talks with prominent officials. We find two chapters side by side, one entitled "Finis Austria" and another "The Merry Widow." These chapters bring out in strong contrast the extremes of life. In the first we find the return of the author to the scenes, now saddened, of his early youth; in the second we find a description of Vienna; though shrinking and dwindling and not knowing where to-morrow's food is coming from, she still preserves her sense of humor, laughs, banters, jests, and dances. It is with such dramatic touches that the author goes with us from France to Germany, to Austria, to Czechoslovakia, to Poland, and to Russia.

SCIENCE

ETIOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY OF TYPHUS (THE). By S. Burt Wolbach, John L. Todd, and Francis W. Palfrey. Illustrated. The League of Red Cross Societies at the Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

Typhus is transmitted by body or clothes lice. To investigate the trans-



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mission of such a disease it is necessary to have a supply of patients and a supply of lice. The League of Red Cross Societies sent a Commission to Poland, where such supplies were to be found, and this book is the report of that Commission—a scientific report intended for the pathologist and physician.

MISCELLANEOUS

GEORGE SAND-GUSTAVE FLAUBERT LETTERS (THE). Translated by Aimee L. McKenzie. Boni & Liveright, New York. $4.

Devotees of French literature will doubtless take up this volume with pleased anticipation, and the book justifies their anticipation. Not only does it contrast with first-hand touch the extreme diversity of temperament between George Sand and Gustave Flaubert; not only does it afford many an interesting glimpse into the life, on the one hand, at Nohant and, on the other, at Croisset, together with the meetings in Paris; not only does it contain much acute comment on mutual friends—Gautier, Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Turgenev, and the rest; but above all, these letters reveal the fact that the questions of art and politics and morals which we are debating to-day are just about the same as those which were debated from 1866 to 1876 by these two famous French novelists.

DICTIONARY OF CLASSIFIED QUOTATIONS (A). By W. Gurney Benham. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $5.

Specially designed for those who want to find a quotation suitable to a given subject or sentiment, rather than for those who wish to identify or verify a known phrase. There are two thousand subject heads. Many of the extracts are from recent writers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

BACKSLIDERS (THE). By William Lindsey. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.90.

BRACEGIRDLE (THE). By Burris Jenkins. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.

CARAVANS BY NIGHT: A ROMANCE OF INDIA. By Harry Hervey. The Century Company, New York. $1.90.

DAVID, THE SON OF JESSE. By Marjorie Strachey. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

FAIR REWARDS (THE). By Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS. By H. C. Bailey. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

ILLUSION (THE) (DANSONS LA TROMPEUSE). By Raymond Escholier. Authorized English Version. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.

RILLA OF INGLESIDE. By L. M. Montgomery. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

ROADS GOING SOUTH. By Robert L. Duffus. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

ROAD (THE). By Elias Tobenkin. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

HEROES OF PROGRESS. By Eva March Tappan. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

RUTHIE. By Phyllis Duganne. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.75.

SILVER BEAR (THE). By Edna A. Brown. Illustrated. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $1.50.

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MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

ANGELS AND MINISTERS. Four Plays of Victorian Shade and Character. By Laurence Housman. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

ART OF THE PLAYER-PIANO (THE). A Text-Book for Student and Teacher. By Sydney Grew. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

CARUSO AND THE ART OF SINGING. Including Caruso's Vocal Exercises and His Practical Advice to Students and Teachers of Singing. By Salvatore Fucito and Barnet J. Beyer. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $3.

PLAYS OF EDMOND ROSTAND. Translated by Henderson Daingerfield Norman. Illustrated. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $10.50.

WAR BOOKS

KIEL AND JUTLAND. By Commander Georg von Hase. Translated by Arthur Chambers and F. A. Holt. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA IN THE WAR OF 1914-1918 (THE). Vol. I—**THE STORY OF ANZAC.** By C. E. W. Bean. Illustrated. Angus & Robertson, Ltd., Sydney, Australia.

REVISION OF THE TREATY (A). By John Maynard Keynes. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

MISCELLANEOUS

SELF-HELP IN TEACHING. By Huber W. Hurt. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

SIEVE (THE); OR, REVELATIONS OF THE MAN MILL. Being the Truth about American Immigration. By Feri Felix Weiss. Page, Boston. $2.50.

SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO (A). Being a History of the Negro Problem, Including a History and Study of the Republic of Liberia. By Benjamin Brawley. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

CLASSICS OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

A MAP of South America hangs on the wall of the sitting-room in an old brick farmhouse, and every day we follow our boy on his three months' voyage from New York to Montevideo, Buenos Aires, and Manchester, England. Rob cannot tell you how the advertisements of Dr. Eliot's book-shelf gave the impetus which started him on his journey, so his mother will.

We live on a big and lonely farm off of the beaten track, and in winter are shut off by bad roads and bad weather from much social intercourse with friends.

Rob was home this winter, working on the farm. He is just eighteen, and has had four years of high school, but has received no diploma, for each year he has flunked his English and each year he has hated it a little more. Critical study of a bit of classics had no pleasure for him and poor groundwork in a country school handicapped him in technical English. I encouraged him to go through a text-book this winter, but there wasn't much stimulus in studying alone. He is fond of reading, but as the early winter evenings lengthened everything in the house seemed to have been read, and after he had looked over the magazines and newspaper casually and the sport page in detail he would go off to bed.

But one evening in early November, in looking through a pile of Outlooks,

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This is the first attempt that has ever been made to throw into popular form the history of our American hymns and their authors. The narrative covers a period of three hundred years, from the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers down to our own time. The book is illustrated with the finest collection of portraits of American hymn-writers ever brought together.

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BEYOND SHANGHAI
By Harold Speakman

This exceedingly charming "look in" upon China is unique because it is "different." The author says: "I made a solemn compact with myself not to attempt to describe, sketch, or otherwise molest the imperial palaces at Peking, but to see as much as I could of the Chinese people themselves in their humblest and most intimate surroundings, to live alone with the Chinese and to eat their food."

Eight illustrations from paintings made in China by the author.

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THE OPEN FIRE
By William Valentine Kelley

This group of charming and gripping essays constitutes another of the rich and scholarly contributions of William Valentine Kelley to some of the vital discussions of this generation. No more penetrative or appreciative mind has applied itself in our day to the consideration of the sources, influences and products of literature and religion in their reactions upon life, character and civilization.

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These are communications from a dweller in the innermost heart of Nature and a friend of God. He has an amazing insight into the Creative Mind and possesses in a marvelous degree the capacity for comprehension and the ability for interpretation. These essays are full of the mystery of the recurring seasons, and of the ineffable glory of flower and field, of mountain, meadow, river and prairie, of star and sun and cloud, and one is reminded, as he reads them, of the praiseful Psalmist who bursts out with this song: "Let everything . . . praise the Lord."

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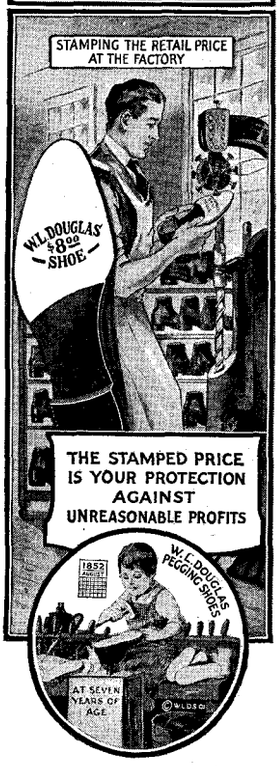
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Catalogs of all Boarding Schools (*or camps*) in U. S. Expert advice free. Relative standing from personal inspection; State fully kind wanted. Maintained by American Schools' Association. **Write 1100 Times Building, New York, or 1515-A Masonic Temple, Chicago**

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CLASSICS OFF THE BEATEN TRACK
(*Continued*)

I saw the advertisement of the Five-Foot Book-Shelf, and under the picture of Edison was the story of his grappling blindly with shelf after shelf in a public library without the scholarly guidance that Dr. Eliot has offered. Edison is a hero to all my boys, so I laid the page open for Rob to see. Nothing was said, but the next evening I saw him reading the advertisement with Lloyd George's picture. I saw my opportunity and wrote for the guide-book which was offered free.

When it came, I crossed out my name and wrote Rob's on the cover and laid it on the reading-table in front of him.

He looked up at me and grinned, for he got the point, but a little later the sport page was laid aside and every word was read of the fascinating advertisement of the pleasant path to a liberal education.

I watched him look thoughtfully at the telling contrast of the two young men beside the table; one bored and yawning over the newspaper, the other deeply absorbed in the enjoyment of companionship with the master minds of the world, talking to him "in the best words they could choose and of the things nearest to their hearts." I knew he was thinking he would like to be the story-teller in the big chair beside the fireplace whom the other men were envying, and I thrilled a little with my bashful boy at the thought of the lovely girl who turned her back on the man who had *not* read the world's classics to listen to the man who *had*. Mothers, more than teachers, have eyes in the back of their heads and while apparently threading a needle may be looking deep into the souls of their boys.

So I knew that the psychological moment had come. We did not have the money at that time to buy the books, but I did not have to wait, for connected with our State library is a woman quick to answer any appeal for help. Within a few days came a package addressed to Rob, and in it were four books of the series, her choice: Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi," "Epic and Saga," "Two Years Before the Mast," and Plutarch's "Lives." A good stiff two years' course in high school English equivalents with most boys hating the books at the end of the course.

Rob started in, as he has been cutting down the old apple orchard this winter, tackled it hard as a mean job, but soon deep in the spirit of it. When the thirty days were up in which the books had to be returned, three were finished and Plutarch's "Lives" half-way.

Next he made his own selection, and, led by his natural taste for science and for biology, we sent for Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "Voyage of the Beagle" and "English and American Essays." The fifteen-minute a day had from the first been exceeded, and now when the rest were all off to bed Rob would still be reading by the fireplace. And when I would come down in the early morning before daylight I would

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find him at the kitchen table reading Darwin by lamplight.

But, stirred by the tales of adventure and exploration, the farm began to hem him in and he longed to get out and away. So an understanding father suggested he try for a job on a steamer going south, as other fellows had done, and a sympathizing mother packed his bag.

Luck gave him the chance to take part of the Beagle's own trip. He took with him Darwin and Emerson, and his mother slipped in "The Bonnie Briar Bush," so that the old doctor's loving humanity might round out cold science.

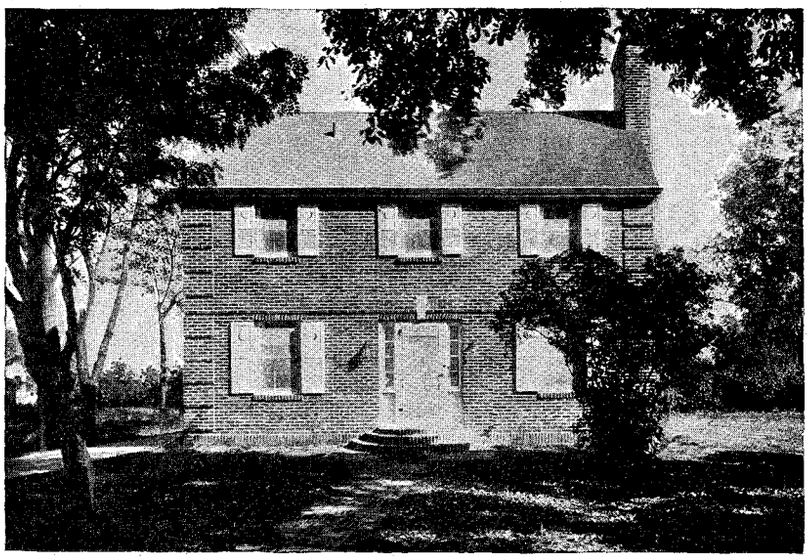
And when he comes back, for "he *will* come back," there will be farm work for the summer, and in the fall entrance to an Ohio college whose great-minded president, like Dr. Eliot, is offering opportunities in the "Arts of Life" more real than technical knowledge and who appreciates that the boy "who has read the 'Five-Foot Book-Shelf' deserves a university degree more than many who have it." JANET DOUGLAS.

OBSTACLES TO CITIZENSHIP

ALLOW me to express my heartiest appreciation to your contributor Mr. Paul Lee Ellerbe for his articles in The Outlook of February 15 and 22, 1922. He certainly deserves the credit for having the courage to express his convictions in unmistakable language, especially at present, when the anti-foreign wave is at its highest. To plead for fair play, to treat the would-be citizen humanly, is a rather unusual thing to meet in the present-day periodicals.

My own story might be of interest. I have been inclined to write several times, but, as I have failed to obtain my citizen papers, it seemed to me as being an intruder to express an opinion of the existing conditions. Since Mr. Ellerbe has touched on this subject lengthily, I venture to relate my experience.

I have been in this country seventeen years, and have made an attempt to get my citizen papers three times, and have been unsuccessful so far. Will try again as soon as I will be able to conform with the red tape required. I took my first papers out in New York City six months after I arrived. I left New York, and went to work on farms. I worked in New Jersey, Illinois, Iowa, Massachusetts, and finally I reached New Hampshire, where I completed my five years' residence in the United States and could apply for my naturalization papers. It is needless to say that I had no easy job to secure witnesses. Although I had a school diploma from New Jersey and a college certificate from Michigan, also first-class references from farmers whom I worked for during this time, I had to present witnesses to the court who knew me as a resident of the United States for this period. Finally, I managed to secure witnesses who knew me in New York. I presented my application, witnesses were examined, all went well; I was anxiously awaiting the time to become naturalized. Unfortunately, I had



HOME OF BEAUTY HOUSE NO. 101

The view above shows Home of Beauty House No. 101, built by Mr. Leslie Welter at Moorehead, Minnesota. Mr. Welter says: "We are very well pleased with our building experience. A leading architect of Fargo, N. D., said that this house is the best designed and best looking house of any he has seen in this section of the country. Our house created such a favorable impression that several houses have been built of brick in this vicinity this season. I wish to thank you for the excellent service you rendered me at a cost that was practically negligible."

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AS THE MANY ADVANTAGES of the Face Brick house—its supreme beauty, its unmatched durability, its safety from fire and its marked economies—should be available to the average home-builder, to whom the architect is not accessible, the American Face Brick Association has issued various designs for small Face Brick houses, ranging in size from three to eight rooms.

During the last year and a half nearly 100,000 of these plan booklets have been sent out on request and the designs have received enthusiastic endorsement from home-builders in all parts of the country.

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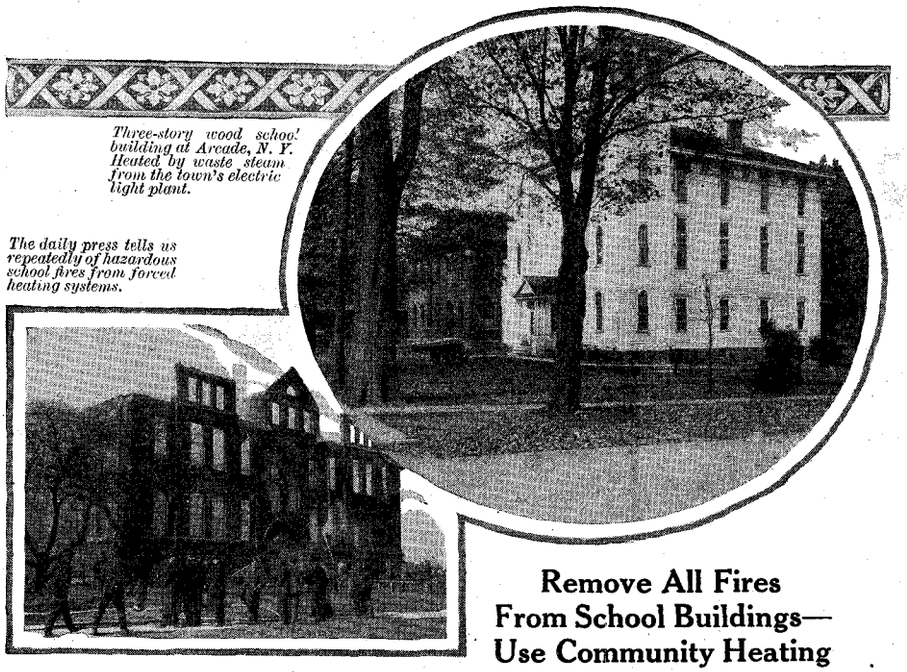

Three-story wood school building at Arcade, N. Y. Heated by waste steam from the town's electric light plant.

The daily press tells us repeatedly of hazardous school fires from forced heating systems.

Remove All Fires From School Buildings—Use Community Heating

Write for complete information regarding cost, operation and profits of *Adsco Community Heating*, Bulletin No. 20-O. Bulletin No. 158-O describes "*Adsco Heating*," the One Valve System, for individual buildings. Name of your architect appreciated. Architects, engineers and heating dealers should also write for Bulletin No. 159-O.

THIS school building had six separate furnace fires in the basement and the top floor could not be occupied due to existing fire hazards.

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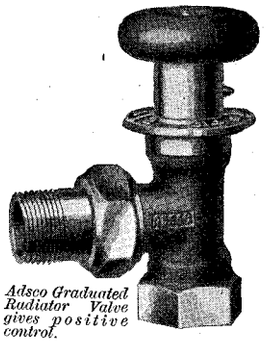

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OBSTACLES TO CITIZENSHIP

(Continued)

to leave the State to look for another position. I went back to New Jersey, stayed there two years, and again applied for my naturalization papers. I secured witnesses, paid a fee, was examined as well as my witnesses, and was waiting to be called for a second examination. As time went on I again had to leave New Jersey. This time I made my residence in New York State, in Orange County. I went into the court-house in New Jersey and told the clerk that I was leaving the State, left with him my New York State address, asking him to let me know at least one day ahead when the second call for my examination would come, thus to enable me to reach the New Jersey court-house in time for examination. I received an official postal card to be present with witnesses for examination two days after the set date.

I wrote to the clerk. His reply, some time later, was that I should present my case either to Ellis Island or to headquarters in Washington. I wrote to the Naturalization Bureau; several months later I was informed that my first papers "are invalid."

I had to start over again. This time I was in Pennsylvania. I went to Pittsburgh, some sixty miles from where I lived, took out my first papers, and patiently waited another two years. Last May the time was due for applying for second papers. But, as it happened, I live now in a different county; have been here less than a year and no one knows me. I took my first papers and presented them to the county court-house clerk, explained to him the situation, showed him references that I have continually resided in the United States and that I could give him names of people who knew me all these years. The clerk told me that he was sorry, but could do nothing for me. Possibly Pittsburgh—the place where I took my first papers—would help. I took a special trip to Pittsburgh—some forty miles from where I live—presented my case to the clerk. This time it was a lady; she was very pleasant, but was sorry she couldn't do anything for me. I must bring to the court two witnesses who knew me for two years as residing in this State, and she will take depositions from out-of-State witnesses who knew me for five years or more. Hence I must stay another year here to be able to have some qualified citizen who knows me for two years in this State. If nothing happens to the position I am in at present and I succeed in convincing two patriotic citizens to travel with me to Pittsburgh, I hope I will finally be able to call myself a citizen.

I can present written testimony as to my residence in the United States for all these years, as well as to my character, integrity, morals, etc. Possibly a bought witness of questionable character who would say in the court that he knows me for a number of years, and possibly he only knew me for the price paid for, counts more than any written testimony of men of character, of busi-

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ness integrity, of leaders in their respective communities, of school or college teachers or diplomas of same.

Yours in hope of being a United States citizen "in the near future,"

EDWARD TANSKY.

INAUGURATED AS CITIZENS

BELIEVING it will interest you, I write to tell you that, at the instance of our Chamber of Commerce and with the hearty co-operation of the Judge of our Common Pleas Court, there was a ceremony instituted in the presentation of the naturalization papers to a class of new citizens at a meeting in the Judge's courtroom last night.

Some forty or more new citizens took the oath of allegiance to the United States, including those of English, Italian, Russian, Swedish, Swiss, German, Rumanian, and Austro-Hungarian nativity. The Judge, after the administering of the oath, class by class, according to nativity and former allegiance, gave a short talk on the duties of citizenship, followed by a talk on the significance of the flag by a lady who at the same time pinned a miniature flag on the lapels of the coats of the new citizens and ending with a very earnest patriotic address to the new citizens by Mr. George H. Clark.

The ceremony was impressive, and, I believe, effective so far as the new citizens were concerned. The Judge says he will use the ceremony on all future occasions.

E. J. LANDOR.

THE DEBT OF THE ALLIED POWERS TO THE UNITED STATES

IN the discussion of the Allies' debts to the United States it has seemed necessary to take one of two extreme attitudes—either that our Government forego its creditor rights or that it proceed promptly and resolutely in collecting from its debtors.

The former solution is opposed frankly on the ground that we cannot afford it; and the second, on the ground that it would spell ruin to the debtor nations.

There is a middle course that relates itself intimately to the recent and highly un-American policy of taxing income from Government obligations.

Such obligations ought to be tax free in respect to both Federal and State taxation.

If the Allied debts could be funded in the form of fifty-year bonds at three per cent and, by authority of Congress, be either guaranteed by the United States or, being held by the Treasury, underlie a coincident issue of 3 per cent United States Government bonds, tax free, they would be a popular form of investment for institutions, bankers, estates, and particularly to individuals of moderate means.

Huge as the aggregate amount would be, the tax-free feature would enable the Government to float the issue in a reasonable time without recourse to the elaborate and costly methods of the Liberty Loan campaigns.

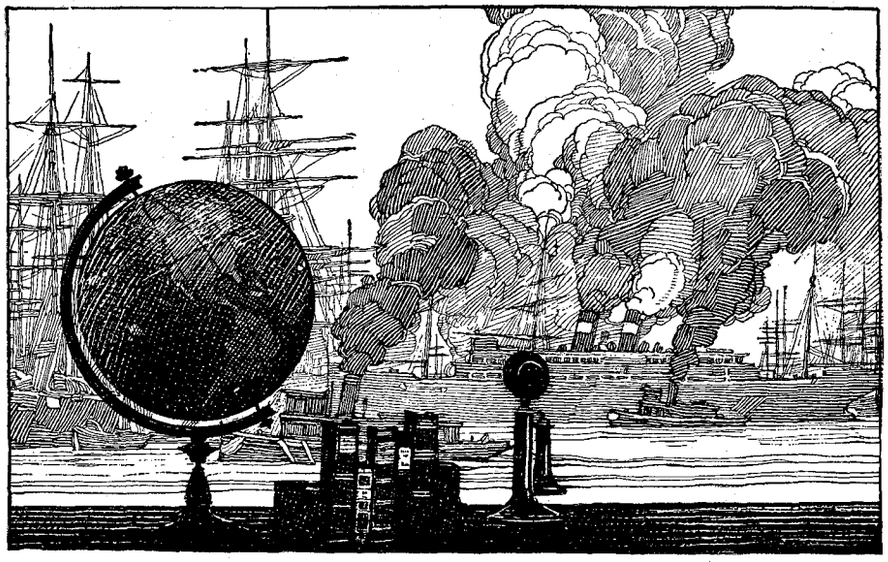
If our own Liberty Loans were refunded coincidentally on the same basis and on long term, there would be a safe, attractive, and reasonable investment offered to the public, particularly if the States co-operated.

It seems anomalous that either the income of loans floated for this purpose should be taxed or that there should be any inheritance or succession tax paid to any Governmental agency on bonds representing the supreme financial sacrifice of our people in the critical days of the World War.

I have in mind a missionary who, living on his meager salary, died as a result of privations and sufferings in one of the war areas, who had put his small savings as a patriotic service into war loan bonds.

His meager estate is taxed *without exemption* by our Federal Government because, though an American citizen, he died, as he had lived, on his mission field; and the bonds are away below par, doubtless because they are not tax free.

New York City. HENRY W. JESSUP.



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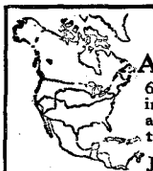

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At Williamstown, Mass. To Rent, furnished, for summer or longer term. Beautiful old Colonial estate, close to Williams College campus. Handsomely furnished, all modern improvements, lawns, fruit and vegetable garden, 2-car garage. Possession June 1 or earlier if desired. Talcott M. Banks, Williamstown, Mass.

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VERMONT For Sale or Rent for Season, delightful cottage on Lake Champlain. Extensive grounds, tall pines and cedars, ice, wood, spring water; boat, Evenrude. 1½ miles from D. & H. station. Mrs. J. D. Nifong, Benson, Vt.

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TWO EDUCATED MEN AND WOMEN (PROTESTANTS) FOR LUCRATIVE AND CONGENIAL FINANCIAL WORK. INTERESTED PROSPECTS SUPPLIED BY US. PERMANENT CONNECTION. SEND QUALIFICATIONS TO 1,187, Outlook.

EXECUTIVE secretary for Social Service League, Easton, Pa. Applicants may address J. S. Heberling, care of Social Service League, Easton, Pa., stating qualifications, experience, and present salary.

WANTED—Councilors for boys' camp in Maine. Protestant. Must bring five boys. Reference required. C. G. Williamson, East High School, Erie, Pa.

WANTED—Woman of culture to act as house manager in Philadelphia settlement. Thorough knowledge of housekeeping and some experience in group work necessary. Salary $1,200 and furnished room. 1,265, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WORKING HOUSEKEEPER, Protestant, wanted by invalid lady. Two in family. Reasonable pay, good home. E. B., 53 New England Ave., Summit, N. J.

EXPERIENCED woman to direct commissary department and domestic help for summer camp in the Adirondacks. Need not be trained dietitian, but must have practical experience in private school or other institution. 1,240, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

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WANTED—Position as traveling companion by trained nurse, 12 years' experience. Would like to go to New Mexico with tubercular patient. Best references. 1,246, Outlook.

REGISTERED nurse with training in public health and nutrition desires to make a change. Four years' private duty, six months' industrial work, four years' school nursing, specially interested in nutrition. 1,231, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—A position for July and August in summer camp as housemother or assistant housekeeper by capable young Scotch woman of experience and pleasing personality. The best of references furnished upon request. 1,176, Outlook.

YALE graduate, student medical school, wants summer work—chauffeur, tutoring, athletics. 900 Yale Station, New Haven.

SECRETARY, companion, or traveling companion by Danish lady who speaks English and French fluently besides her own language. Expert typist and stenographer. Has held present responsible position for three years. Highest references. 1,201, Outlook.

WANTED—A position as housemother in boys' or girls' boarding school for the season of 1922–3, by woman of refinement, education, and ability. 1,217, Outlook.

FRENCH lady desires summer position as companion. Experience in teaching, painting, elocution. Willing to travel. Knowledge English. Highest American references. 1,216, Outlook.

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SYRACUSE undergraduate, 22, desires position as companion-teacher to children for summer. Other kinds work gladly considered. 1,242, Outlook.

CHAPERON—Young ladies or young lads needing mother. References. 1,244, Outlook.

WANTED, by Protestant lady, experienced, position as hostess or house-mother. Trained, refined, with home making qualifications. References. Address 1,250, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, competent, seeks position in refined family. Address 1,260, Outlook.

PRACTICAL nurse-companion would accompany lady or young girl traveling. Resident position considered. Excellent references. 1,251, Outlook.

WIDOW desires position as companion or chaperon. Will travel. 1,226, Outlook.

REFINED teacher, 30, desires traveling position for summer as companion or chaperon. Highest references. 1,253, Outlook.

WOMAN of experience and education desires position as companion to interesting person going abroad. 1,255, Outlook.

EDUCATED lady offers her services (during summer) in home where there are children. Capable of assuming charge. Western State preferred. 1,257, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TWO cultured, French-speaking young women as social secretaries or companions to parties going abroad. References. Address Room 228, Schenectady High School, Schenectady, N. Y.

LADY, Protestant American, desires position as companion or companion-housekeeper. Address 1,234, Outlook.

YOUNG man, college graduate, wishes chance to travel abroad next summer. Present position instructor in high school. References furnished. 1,228, Outlook.

COLLEGE French woman, musical, wants position governess or companion-secretary with family going abroad. 1,236, Outlook.

STUDENT musician, clergyman's daughter, will take daughter's place in elderly couple's home, providing interesting and sympathetic companionship, or supervise young student's music and French. Competent chauffeur. 1,235, Outlook.

SUMMER position requested by French teacher as companion or governess. 1,239, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper. By woman of education and refinement; arrange menus, keep household accounts, also act as secretary. Excellent references. 1,261, Outlook.

COMPANION—A cultured lady of distinguished social standing, experienced European travel. 1,258, Outlook.

RELIABLE woman, minister's daughter, practical nurse, desires position. Matron institution or day nursery, attendant to invalid. 1,262, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary to lady. Young business woman, extensive experience. Protestant. 1,264, Outlook.

FRENCH woman, high school teacher, wishes position as companion or tutor during summer. 1,266, Outlook.

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YOUNG man, 44 years of age, 15 years' experience teaching Latin and history in private, high, and boarding schools, master's degree University of Pennsylvania, will be open for position of similar character or small college for ensuing year. Highest references. 1,153, Outlook.

ENGLISHWOMAN (governess-teacher) desires position for summer months. Music (piano, violin, harmony) and French. 1,188, Outlook.

AS tutor to party traveling abroad this summer, college man desires position. 1,245, Outlook.

TEACHER, experienced traveler, connected with well-known schools, desires summer position. References. 1,252, Outlook.

POSITION desired by teacher of grammar for junior high schools. Address 1,229, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher, Protestant, experienced, college, university, preparatory, master of her business, wishes position; day, high school, college; North, Northwest. Unexcelled references. Certificates France, Cornell. 1,225, Outlook.

TUTOR—Harvard senior on year's leave of absence (now in Florida) wishes position as tutor or tutor-companion with desirable family during spring and summer. Experienced and successful. Athletic, fond of outdoor sports. American, Protestant. Excellent references. Will travel at home or abroad. 1,241, Outlook.

POSITION desired by teacher of literature for junior high schools. Address 1,230, Outlook.

KINDERGARTNER wishes entire care one or more healthy normal children going to Europe this summer. References. 1,259, Outlook.

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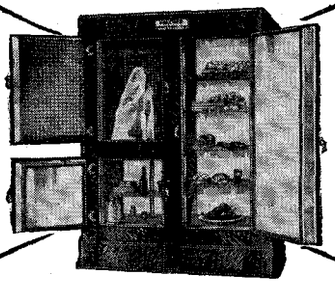

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65 DAYS CRUISE, $600 and up
Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.
19 days Egypt, Palestine, Spain, Italy, Greece, etc.
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THE MILLER'S CLOAK

A Folk Tale from the Azores

BY ELSIE SPICER EELLS

ONCE upon a time in one of the islands of the Azores there lived a pious miller. He was always to be found in the church praying. He prayed for the dead. He prayed for those who are alive. He prayed for all who suffer, for the homeless ones, for the hungry ones. He prayed for those upon the sea and those upon the land.

Now it happened that a fierce storm smote the island. The sea beat high against the rocky coast. Lightning flashed; thunder roared; the wind howled; rain fell in torrents.

"Don't go out into the storm to-night," counseled the good man's wife. "It is no suitable night for one to go to church."

"I agree with you," replied the miller. "I do not need to go to church in this fierce storm. Surely my prayers of other days and nights have been so many that to-night I have earned rest under my own roof, safe and dry. The good God will pardon me."

He wrapped his heavy brown cloak about him and lay down upon his bed. The wind shrieked. Thunder shook the earth. Unseen hands pulled the cloak from off the bed.

"The wind has blown out the candle; light another," cried the miller to his wife.

By the dim light of the candle the miller again arranged his bed. He wrapped his heavy mantle around him and once more tried to sleep. Again the cloak was pulled from off the bed as if by unseen hands.

There was no rest for the miller. His cloak could not be made to cover him as he lay upon his bed.

"I might as well go to church and pray," he told his wife. "I can't rest here."

He wrapped himself in the brown cloak and went out through the fierce, blinding storm. Safe inside the church, he prayed for those who are dead and for those who are alive. He prayed for all who suffer, for the homeless ones, the hungry ones. He prayed for those upon the sea, for those upon the land.

"Surely the prayers of the pious are needed this night," he said to his wife as he came in out of the storm.

Lightning flashed; thunder roared; the rain fell in torrents. The wind howled wildly as it drove the sheets of rain against the windows. A dash of rain blew through the door before the miller had time to close it behind him.

"Quick! your cloak!" cried the miller's wife. "Take it off that I may dry it by the fire!"

The good man started to obey. As he touched his cloak, however, his eyes opened wide in amazement. It was entirely dry.

"Feel it yourself," said he to his wife. "There is not a drop of rain upon it!"

His words were true, as his wife soon found out.

"It is a miracle of God!" cried she as she crossed herself.

To this very day, in the Azores, one is reminded of the story of the miller's

Their wedding anniversary made happy because he remembered

AND flowers expressed for him what words alone could never do. Do you remember?

Do you place a red ink ring around that day on the calendar which is your wedding anniversary, somebody's birthday or some special day to remember and

"Say it with Flowers"

A graceful, thoughtful tribute is a gift of flowers to those dear to you.

And flowers so beautifully express you. They are always in good taste, always right, always timely and always so welcome. The man who counts is the man who remembers.

Through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service, flowers may be delivered within a few hours to any address in the United States or Canada.

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cloak if one seeks to make the weather an excuse for staying home from church.

"GIRLS MARKED DOWN CHEAP"

At about fourteen years of age the average boy commences to take more or less interest in the opposite sex. From that time on until the end he is subject to periodic outbursts of affection of varying degrees of intensity. Each attack he thinks is final and he promises he will live for Her, die for Her, or wait for Her.

In the olden days the cave man dragged off by the hair the object of his affections. Now the lead-up methods are a little less severe; all he craves is a locket, a ring, a picture or handkerchief, some personal effect—almost any manifestation to show that She is partial to him. On the other hand, the girl, if she is partial, is quite willing to part with some trinket as a token of her reciprocal feeling. Just here is where the difficulty develops. From the age of fourteen to twenty-four the average boy has at least from five to ten "heart attacks," and by maturity has made quite a collection of pictures, rings, pins, etc., and perhaps no great harm has been done the boy.

Of course the girl suffers from "heart attacks" also, but with this difference—whether it is right or wrong, the fact remains, the man is granted greater leeway in his affections than the woman, and if a woman deposits her trinkets or herself upon every one of her suitors by the time "Mr. Right" comes along she is pretty well "shop worn" and bereft. The biggest mistake girls make is to sell themselves too cheaply. With a man the hunt, the chase, is the thing. The capture is sometimes a disappointment, and interest may wane, as he says to himself, "Now that I have it, what am I going to do with it?" Therefore, girls, do not cheapen yourselves by granting favors too easily. All things or girls worth while are the hardest to win. A boy is sometimes like a humming-bird—he likes to flit from flower to flower and sip the honey. The frailest and most perishable ones are his first thought and the easiest prey. Flowers and girls of this kind for the time being are the most sought after and popular, for they bloom earlier and are more susceptible. Sometimes the sturdier ones are overlooked for the moment. Yet when a man's play-day is over and he wants a girl for his wife, he does not want one whose freshness is gone, whose bloom is lost, and whose kisses have been bestowed upon a dozen different men. Nothing makes a man madder than to think that the treasures of his girl have been shared by other men.

So, girls, tease a little, flirt a little, if you must, and we all want you to, but save yourself for "Mr. Right," and don't go to him frayed and "marked down." If "Mr. Right" does not come along, you at least have your self-respect, and no man can laugh up his sleeve when he sees you at the thought of some former "party." "A MALE WELL-WISHER."

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Breathe deeply of this wonderful mixture of mountain and sea air, never too hot nor too cold, always balmy, tonic and life-giving. Whip our trout streams, glide over our shimmering mountain lakes and our placid inland seas. Climb our glorious mountains. Motor over our forest and mountain and seaside roads. Golf, ski, swim, hike, camp, canoe, hunt and do any and all of the things you love—they're all here, if they're of the great out-of-doors.

It is the out-of-doors people we especially want, those who can revel in the wonders and delights of the greatest out-of-doors country on the continent; those who can appreciate the supreme masterpieces of Nature's handiwork in majestic and inspiring scenery and the sheer beauty of a lovely countryside—of big trees and ferns and wild woodsy things.

We want them to go back to their tasks renewed in body and soul and our friends. We want them to learn why babies such as these are Seattle's babies. We want them to spread the tidings until all our over-wrought people will come to America's Summer Playground for healing and regeneration.

Plan for a month, two months, or three months. It will be the time of your life. Mt. Rainier National Park will hold you for a month of delight if you can spare the time. Come by train or motor and direct to the Chamber of Commerce tourist bureau, 702 Third Avenue, Seattle, and they will make things easy for you. Low summer rates and fine motor roads.

Write today for booklet "The Charmed Land" and begin now making plans. SEATTLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, 903 Arctic Bldg., Seattle, Washington.

"The Wayfarer," stupendous musical biblical pageant, Seattle, July 24-29

Maximum temperature, Seattle, 1921—80 degrees. Average summer maximum for 20 years—71 degrees

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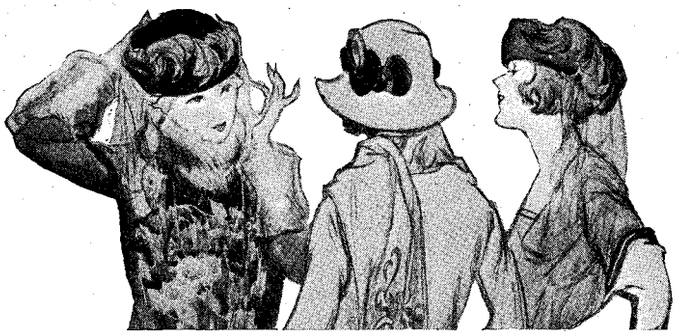

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LIFE'S full measure has not been reached without a share of travel. Seeing other scenes and other people—each with some message, is a most necessary part of education. The supreme opportunity of pleasurable, worthwhile travel is offered in our cruise-tour by specially chartered new and superb Cunard-Anchor Liner "Tuscania" sailing from New York July 5th, returning September 6th.

Well-planned itineraries — long glorious Summer days spent cruising or on leisurely and interesting shore excursions.

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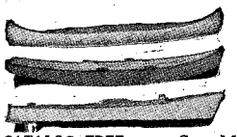

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Registered in New York State, offers a 2½ years' course—as general training to refined, educated women. Requirements one year high school or its equivalent. Apply to the Directress of Nurses, Yonkers, New York.

"Whanne that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;"

. . . . . .

"Than longen folk to" tap their sugar bushes.

New Maple Syrup and Sugar
Absolutely Pure
GEORGE PORTER
Highland Farm, Alstead, New Hampshire

BY THE WAY

THE doctrine of Papal infallibility does not extend to ordinary personal judgments by the Pope, though it is often supposed to. Roman Catholics themselves sometimes playfully refer to mistakes made by the Supreme Pontiff in his unofficial capacity, as in the following anecdote told by Maurice F. Egan in the "Review of Reviews:"

> I cannot help recalling an instance where a lady, a guest at the White House at luncheon, asked the late Cardinal Gibbons whether he really believed that the Pope was infallible in all he said. The Cardinal smiled and answered: "I can only respond to that, Madame, by saying that when the Pope bade me good-by the last time he said, 'Addio, Cardinale Jibbones!'"

The Pope may perhaps be excused for the slip, as hard g and soft g are admittedly confused in English pronunciation, *gibberish* being followed by *gibbet* in our dictionaries, and *gimbal* being pronounced either *gim* or *jim* by some authorities.

Frankness is a commendable feature of the following advertisement from the "agony column" of the London "Times:"

> Author seeks collaborator in literary program of many consequences. Love of nature, understanding of life, spiritual vision and clear expression essential. No immediate chance of remuneration.—Write Box ——, The Times.

Here are two other characteristic extracts from the same column, the first without signature:

> Feign distress, shed tears, what you will, but I have done with it all.

> Will the gentleman in the Brown Coat, who travelled from Hampstead to Tott. Ct. Rd. at midday on Thursday, Feb. 16th, please communicate with advertiser, who was annoyed, amused, and generally perturbed, but whose ultimate state of mind is regret?—Write Box ——, The Times.

At the age of sixty-three Dr. Samuel Johnson, the best-read man of his times, wrote in his diary (an English writer says), "I have never read the Apocrypha." The remark might be made by many otherwise well-read persons in our day, perhaps mainly because the Apocrypha is included between the covers of the Bible only in special editions. Besides some splendid passages mentioned by the writer quoted, from Ecclesiasticus and The Wisdom of Solomon, the Apocrypha contains, in the Book of Esdras, the ever-memorable message, never more significant than in the present age, "The more thou searchest, the more shalt thou wonder."

The question of the comparative rank of the blonde and the brunette as to beauty is again raised by newspaper despatches announcing that, after a long-standing supremacy of the blonde in Wellesley College, a brunette has been elected mistress of the Senior Tree Day

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